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THE SPY UNMASKED.

Barnum

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THE
SPY UNMASKED;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF

ENOCH CROSBY, ALIAS HARVEY BIRCH,

THE HERO OF THE

“SPY, A TALE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND,”

BY MR. COOPER,

AUTHOR OF “THE PILOT,” “THE RED ROVER,” &c. &c.

By H. L. BARNUM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

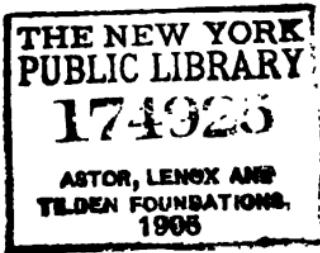
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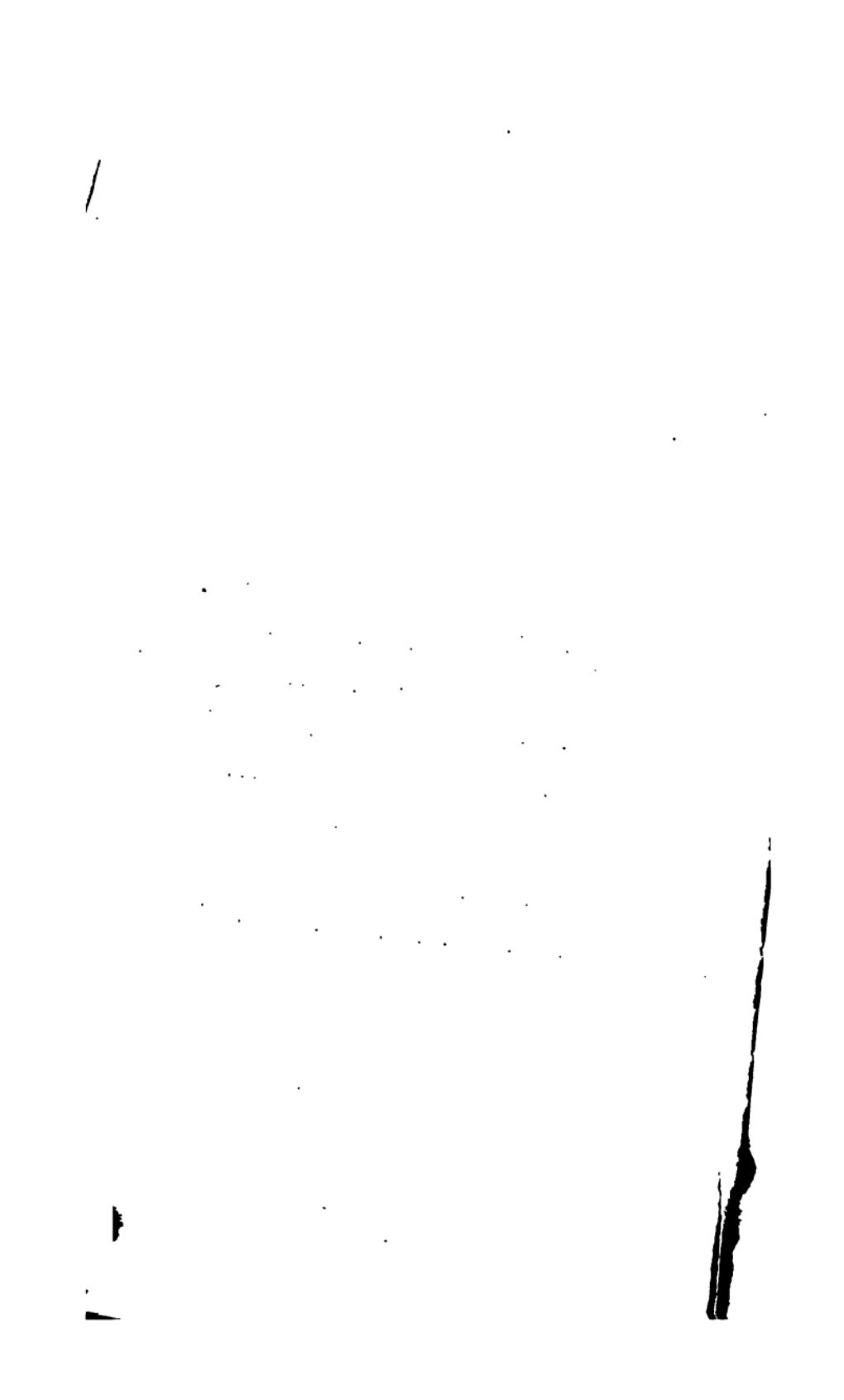


ROY WEBB
OLIVER
MARGUL

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THE

SPY UNMASKED.

CHAP. I.

THE SECRET PASS.

— We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win ; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin.

SHAKESPEARE's *Coriolanus*.

AS soon as our hero considered it prudent to leave his place of concealment in the West Mountain, which was not until the following night, he cautiously descended

descended in a southern direction ; and being, by this time, well acquainted with every pass through the Highlands, knowing where the ravines might be penetrated, and where the streams were fordable, he proceeded with silent celerity, and increasing confidence. For several hours he pursued his course without interruption, carefully avoiding such spots as he knew to be inhabited, sometimes plunging into thickets, at others finding it necessary to ascend hills that appeared to be almost inaccessible.

About sunrise, he ventured to descend into the highway, where he continued to travel, until fatigue and hunger compelled him to seek for a habitation where he might safely apply for refreshment.

At this juncture, he found himself within a quarter of a mile of a farmhouse, the owner of which he knew to be

be a tory, and would doubtless supply his immediate wants. He directed his steps accordingly, and soon received a cheerful welcome from the mistress of the family, her husband being absent from home. He told his story, or as much of it as was proper to be related; and his loyal hostess could not find language to express her commiseration of his sufferings, and her indignity at the wrongs he had received at the hands of the abominable rebels! In short, she treated him like a son; and insisted upon his making her house his home, for as long a time as he thought it prudent to remain. On his departure, she loaded him with provisions and clothes, with a spacious new pack to contain them.

Being well aware that patrols were scouring the country in every direction, who, if they recognised him, would be

sure to retake him, he felt the necessity of being very cautious in his movements. It is true, that he might meet a cordial welcome from those who secretly favoured the British cause; but at a period when so many were induced by circumstances to disguise their real sentiments, it was difficult to discriminate between friends and foes. Every whig would have thought it a duty he owed his country to deliver up the fugitive to the vengeance of her violated laws; while many, who felt interested in *his* safety, were deterred from affording him protection, by a prudent regard for their own.

Under such circumstances, our hero soon found himself placed in a very unpleasant dilemma; while every succeeding day seemed to increase the gloom which, like a portentous cloud, hung over his untoward destiny. Hunted like

like a beast of the forest by one party—suspected and avoided by the other—he felt himself, at times, an outcast in the world—a houseless wanderer, without a country or a home*! While looking at this side the picture, it exhibited a cheerless, dreary scene of desolation, at the contemplation of which his heart sickened within him. But when he recollect ed the *object* for which he had voluntarily submitted to this living martyrdom—when he reviewed the *motive* of the sacrifice—a ray of peaceful tranquillity, emanating from a self-approving conscience, stole over his mind,

* “ Most of the movements of the pedlar through the country, were made at the hours which others allotted to repose. His approaches to the American lines were generally so conducted, as to baffle pursuit. Many a sentinel, placed in the gorges of the mountains, spoke of a strange figure that had been seen gliding by them in the mists of the evening.”—*Spy, vol. I.*

which he would not have exchanged for the crown and sceptre of England.

It was near the close of a toilsome day's wandering, in the cheerless month of November, that he called at an indifferent looking farm-house, and requested to be accommodated for the night. This request was cheerfully granted; and throwing off his pack, he sat down, with a thankful heart, to rest from the fatigues of the day.

He had not remained in this situation long, when two large men, armed with muskets, entered the apartment. One of them started on seeing our traveller; and in a low voice said something to his companion, to which the other apparently assented.

Crosby remained silent, watching the movements of these men with the deepest

est interest, as he suspected them to be volunteer scouts, numbers of which were constantly on the look-out for such persons as were suspected of toryism.

In a short time they advanced to our hero, and after surveying him attentively, one of them accosted him—"I think, sir, that I have seen your face before."

"Very possibly, sir," returned Crosby, coolly; "though I cannot say that I have the pleasure of recollecting yours."

"Probably not. But, if I mistake not, I saw you conducted to Fishkill prison, a short time since, in company of a number of tories, arrested by Townsend's rangers."

"Oh yes, it is he!" exclaimed the other; "I could swear to him among a thousand."

"So you have made your escape, sir, it seems," continued the first speaker. "But under our escort you will not find it so easily done again. To-morrow morning you shall accompany us to Heath's head-quarters; and, if the provost-marshall does his duty, your plots and escapes will soon be terminated. The committee of safety will not take the trouble of trying you again."

"It is a serious subject for jesting," observed Crosby, throwing an unquiet eye around, as if in search of some avenue for escape.

"You will find it no jest," returned the other. "Jay and Duer are determined to make an example of you. A tory they can pardon and pity. But a traitor, who, after bearing arms in the good cause, basely turns those arms ~~against~~ his countrymen, has forfeited all claims to protection. Mercy to such a wretch

a wretch would be cruelty to our country *."

"And think you that *Jay* would pronounce *me* a traitor †?" asked Crosby, with some earnestness.

"How could he do otherwise?" returned the other. "What have you to urge in your own defence?"

Notwithstanding his reliance on the secret protection of the committee, our

B 4

hero

* Dark and threatening hints began to throw suspicion around his movements, and the civil authority thought it incumbent on them to examine narrowly into his mode of life. His imprisonments were not long, though frequent; and his escapes from the guardians of the law comparatively easy, to what he endured from the persecution of the military.—*Spy, Vol. i.*

† "Will Washington say so, think you?" said Birch, with a ghastly smile. "No—no—no—Washington would never say—'Lead him to a gallows.'—*Spy, Vol. i.*

hero felt a strong repugnance to become a prisoner again so soon, especially as the exasperated rangers (at a time when the civil law was but little regarded by the soldiery) might feel themselves justified in inflicting a summary punishment, without the ceremony of a trial. Weakened and fatigued as he was, by toilsome marches, he could not contend against such odds with any hope of success. Having weighed all these circumstances in his mind, he concluded that he would be justified in appealing to the last resort, his present situation being one of extremity. He therefore drew a small folded paper from a secret place within the lining of his vest, and presented it to his interrogator.—“Read that, sir,” said he, proudly, “and learn how easy a thing it is to mistake a man’s real character; and how prone we are to suspect the innocent.”

The two strangers perused the paper in

in silent astonishment, and for a moment appeared unwilling to credit their own senses. At length, however, he who appeared to be the principal, returned the paper, saying—"I am satisfied, sir, that we have been mistaken in your real character, for those signatures I know to be genuine; and the writers certify that you are actually engaged in the service of your country. But how is the mystery to be explained? Why were you imprisoned by the orders of those very men?"

"Ask me no further questions, if you please," replied Crosby, as he returned the pass to its secret depository. "Be content to believe me a true whig, and in the service of my country. But above all, I most earnestly request you, as you wish well to the cause, never to disclose what you have now learned to any human being."

So saying, he resholdered his pack, and after evasively answering the numerous questions with which they assailed him, he bade both a hasty "good evening," and left them to wonder at the strangeness of the adventure.

He now felt convinced that it would not be prudent to remain there for the night, as he had at first intended ; and being somewhat refreshed by the short respite he had enjoyed, he travelled onward, in search of a more eligible asylum.

After proceeding more than two miles farther, he ventured to apply at another cottage, and renew his request for accommodation ; which, after much solicitation on his part, was, at length, reluctantly complied with by the woman of the house. Here again he disengaged himself of his pack, and sat down, much

much fatigued with his prolonged journey.

While inwardly congratulating himself on the happy termination of that day's labours, and fondly anticipating a comfortable night's rest, his attention was caught by the particular and suspicious manner with which he found himself regarded, by a man who had just entered, and taken a seat by the fire. Crosby felt confident that he had somewhere seen him before, but could not recall to mind the place or circumstances, and began to feel somewhat alarmed at the closeness of his scrutiny. At length Crosby spoke—"Somewhat cool this evening, sir."

Without noticing this sagacious remark, the other started on his feet, and exclaimed, with a bitterness of tone that well corresponded with the ghastliness of the grin that accompanied it—"Now

I know you ! I thought I could not be mistaken. You are the very d——d rascal that betrayed us to the rebel committee, and caused our company to be taken and confined in gaol. Now, sir, if you don't make yourself scarce pretty d——d quick, I will call one of my neighbours, who swears that, if ever he can lay eyes on you again, he will take every drop of your heart's blood!"

Crosby made several efforts to reply, during the delivery of this philippic; but the other refused to hear a word he had to say, and thus continued—" You shall leave this house immediately, sir ; but not till I have had the satisfaction of pounding you !"

" Come on, sir," said our hero, rising coolly from his seat, and elevating himself to the full height of his manly stature ; while that of his antagonist appeared to dwindle in the same proportion. " Come on, sir !" repeated he, deliberately

liberately rolling up his sleeves, and displaying a pair of muscular arms and bony fists, of the most formidable dimensions. "Come on—I am ready to try you a pull."

But, from some cause or other, the host had suddenly changed his mind, and appeared a little more inclined to the side of mercy ; for, in a less elevated tone, he replied—"I believe I will let you off this time, if you will leave my house immediately, and never set your foot in it again."

Tired and jaded as he was, Crosby thought it best to comply, and travelled another mile before he succeeded in procuring lodgings for the night ; but there he learned a fact which induced him to change his plans immediately. He had long been anxious to obtain a private interview with the committee, but dared not venture to Fishkill, while Townsend

send remained in the village with his vigilant rangers. He now ascertained, however, that the corps was on the other side of the river*, and resolved to profit by the circumstance on the following morning. This determination he put in execution, and arrived at Duer's residence, on the succeeding evening, without interruption or molestation.

After a long consultation, that gentleman advised him to repair privately to a retired residence, on Wappinger's Creek, the farm-house of an honest old Dutchman, and there work at his trade for

* Once, when a strong body of the continental army held the Four Corners, for a whole summer, orders had been received from Washington himself, never to leave the door of Harvey Birch unwatched; the command was rigidly obeyed, and during this long period, the pedlar was unseen. The detachment was withdrawn; and the next night Birch re-entered his dwelling.—*Spy, Vol. i.*

for the family, and keep himself concealed from observation, until further orders.

Being furnished with a complete set of tools for the purpose, he shouldered his pack, and proceeded to the designated place ; where he soon found himself very comfortably situated, in the family of the friendly old Dutchman, who had feet enough in his family to keep the shoemaker in constant employment. It is true, a large majority of them were the property of females ; but Crosby soon found, by actual admeasurement, that the *understanding* of a plump round face, rosy-cheeked, country Dutch lass, is not such a *trifling* appendage, as the same article appears to be among our modern city belles ; for, at the period of which we are writing, the doctrine of doctor Sitt greaves most generally prevailed, that

“ the wider the base, the more firm is the superstructure.”

In this tranquil asylum he had continued but two days, when a letter from Duer, desiring his immediate attendance on the committee, at Fishkill, was handed him on his seat, by a messenger sent express for that purpose.

The good old Dutchman, as well as every member of his family, ~~having~~ much curiosity to know the purvate ~~of~~ this communication, which they ~~ingen~~ by some expressions that had fallen ~~of~~ the messenger, must have come ~~trad~~ high authority ; and our hero imd ~~for~~ ately rose, in their estimation, at ~~ents~~ one hundred per cent. Could he ~~hmer~~ conversed with mynheer, in the mothelf, tongue of the latte, there is little dou^b that he might now have “ taken ~~h~~ ^{big} pick” among the diughters, with a good farm into the bargⁱⁿ.

“ Mine

" Mine Cot !" exclaimed the Dutchman, knocking the ashes from his pipe ; " you know tee shentlemen of tee army ? Vat for tey rite you ?"

" I suppose they want shoes for the soldiers," replied Crosby, rising from his seat, and taking off his leather apron, which he carefully spread over his unfinished work and tools. " I understand that the poor fellows are all barefoot, ~~and~~ there's a cold winter at hand. At events, I must go and see ; but will ~~bably~~ return time enough to finish Mine's shoes for Sunday."

" Now don't you disappoint me," cried the smiling girl, with sparkling eyes, one of her sweet insinuating tones. " If you do, you'll be sorry."

" Tevil take tee shoes !" exclaimed the father, filling his pipe again. " Vy you botter tee shentlemen mit shoes, en he got bishness mit tee army ? You know Gitty ish shick pon tee ped, and vont

vont vant hern till Christmas. But, dunder and blixem, man ! you vont trudge to Vishkill mit Shank's mare. Here, you Hauns ! puckle tee pest shaddle on Valdecker, and pring him to tee horse-plock tirectly—you hear!"

Crosby was not very strenuous in declining this polite arrangement of his friendly host ; but was soon mounted, and waving a farewell to the whole group, who had assembled in the yard to witness his departure, he struck his pony into a galllop, and was soon out of sight.

On reaching Fishkill, he immediately waited on Duer, to learn the pleasure of the committee, who reminded him, that it would be extremely unsafe for him to remain in that place long enough for the committee to hold a consultation ; he therefore directed him to leave the

the village as secretly as he entered it, and travel about three miles, in a north-east direction, to a place called Hopewell; there to inquire for doctor Miller, who kept a small retail druggist's shop, where one of the committee would meet him in the course of the afternoon.

In compliance with these instructions, Crosby again mounted his Dutch pony, and soon found the residence of the doctor, who happened to be absent from home, and not expected back until evening.

This information was communicated by a sprightly, smiling female, whose voice and figure struck Crosby as not being entirely new to him; while some marked peculiarity in her manner of addressing him, evinced, on her part, a reciprocal recognition. But it was in vain that he tasked his recollection to elucidate

date the mystery; until, with an arch smile, and an emphasis of much meaning, she said—" If you wish any article from the shop, sir, I think I can wait upon you to your satisfaction. Doctor Miller's opiates, you recollect, are wonderfully powerful, when mixed with brandy. They have been known to put even the vigilant rangers to sleep."

" Is it possible!" exclaimed Crosby.
" Are you then the——"

" Hush! Not a word on that subject, for your life!" returned the damsel, in a low voice. " Those men by the fire are not rangers; but it might not be safe to expose your real name in their hearing." She then added aloud—" You had better take a seat by the fire, Mr. Brown, as the doctor will not be home until dark."

Several of the neighbours were, as usual, collected round the fire, at one end

end of the shop, discussing the news and politics of the day. Crosby ventured to mingle with the group; and not being personally known to either, had the satisfaction to hear his own adventures related, and descanted on, with all those embellishments, variations, and exaggerations, that ever accompany the verbal disposal of retailed wonders.

“There can be no doubt,” observed one, “that sir Henry Clinton obtained that information from Crosby. How else would Knyphausen, and his d——d Hessians, have known the way to Spitten-devil Creek *?”

“Ay, and how the d——l, without the assistance of some spy, could the regulars have known on which side to attack

* Near the site of Fort Washington, in the vicinity of Kingsbridge.

attack the post on Laurel Hill *?" demanded another, looking round him with an expression of triumph tha challenged contradiction. "The Dutch man's left column, you know, bore al the brunt of the battle, and were pretty decently peppered."

"Well, well," said a third, with a self-complacent smile, and a knowing toss of the head, "every dog has his day. But if Townsend ever gets the traitor in his clutches again, he will soon dangle in the air, without judge or jury."

"What sort of a fellow is this Crosby?" asked our hero, addressing the last

* This hill was bravely defended by the Americans, during the attack of Fort Washington. It is supposed that twelve hundred of the royal troop were killed or wounded. After being twice summoned, the commandant, colonel Magaw, was compelled to surrender, with two thousand eight hundred and seventy Americans.

last speaker. "Have you ever seen him?"

"Oh yes, I saw him at Fishkill. He is a little, slender, artful-looking fellow, of about five feet three. There is no confining him; for he will creep out of a knot-hole! and I have no doubt that all our late disasters may be attributed to his secret intercourse with the enemy."

"It is shrewdly suspected," said Crosby, drily, "that this fellow was at the bottom of the affair at Kipp's Bay."

"Very probably," said the other, forgetting the nature of that affair*; "wherever there is a tory plot, you may swear that Crosby is head devil in the business."

"Whether at the head or tail," observed a third, "his intrigues have given an unfortunate turn to our affairs. Fort Washington

* See Chapter VI. Vol. i. third paragraph.

Washington and Fort Lee are both in the hands of the enemy *. The American army is retreating through the Jerseys, and Howe is close upon their heels."

"But didn't Gooch do the neat thing?" exclaimed the first speaker.

"Gooch! who the d—l is he?" asked his friend.

"Who is he! a full-blooded yankee, from Boston, and a captain in Heath's division. During the attack on Fort Washington, which was bravely defended by colonel Magaw, the commander-

* Soon after the reduction of Fort Washington, lord Cornwallis, with a large force, conjectured to amount to about six thousand men, crossed over the North River, to attack Fort Lee, on the opposite Jersey shore. On the intelligence of their approach, the first determination of the Americans was to meet and fight them; but it was soon discovered that the contest would be too unequal, and the garrison was saved by an immediate evacuation, under the able guidance of general Greene.

mander-in-chief, who was across the river, on the high bank at Fort Lee, was a spectator of the whole affair. He wished to send a message across to Magaw, and Gooch offered to be the bearer of it. He ran down to the river, jumped into a small boat, pushed over in style, landed under the bank, ran up to the fort, and delivered the message—came out, ran, and jumped over the broken ground, dodged the Hessians, some of whom struck at him with their pieces, while others attempted to thrust him with their bayonets; but he escaped through the whole, got into his boat, and returned to Fort Lee *.”

“ Was that message a recommendation to surrender?” asked Crosby.

“ So it is presumed,” replied the other; “ Magaw had been summoned to surrender, but requested that he

* See Heath's Memoirs.

might be allowed to consider until nine o'clock the next morning, before he gave a decisive answer. Only two hours were granted, and Magaw replied, that he would defend the fort to the last moment. After receiving Washington's message, however, the fort was surrendered, and it would have been a useless waste of lives to hold out any longer."

"Was our loss great?" asked Crosby.

"Not in killed and wounded," returned the other; "but the loss in prisoners was a serious blow indeed. It is said, they were marched to the city, and crowded into prisons and sugar-houses, where they are now dying off by dozens; so that, probably, very few of the poor fellows will ever get home again."

At this stage of the conversation a gentleman entered the shop, and, without

out noticing the speakers, advanced to the counter, and ordered a phial of medicine. In this new comer our hero instantly recognised the person of Jay, who had ridden from Fishkill on an elegant horse, which was standing at the door.

While the shopman was waiting upon his customer, Crosby slipped out, and pretended to be admiring the noble animal, until his owner approached to remount. Our hero politely held the stirrup, while Jay seized that opportunity to whisper in his ear—"It will not do; there are too many observers in this place. Return to the Dutchman's, and there wait for further orders."

He then mounted, and was soon out of sight, on the road to Fishkill.

On re-entering the shop, which he
c 2 did

did without being perceived, Crost discovered that his own person had been the subject of remark by the lounge present.

“ His conversation and manners ~~do~~ speak the gentleman,” observed the principal speaker; “ I wonder who he is, and what his business can be with doctor Miller.”

“ He appears to be acquainted with Jay,” said another; “ for I saw them whispering together at the horseblock.

On overhearing these remarks, Crost began to feel apprehensive, that if he remained much longer, these village politicians might become more inquisitive than he could wish. He therefore told the shopman that he would call in the evening; then mounted his horse, and soon found himself on the banks of Wappinger.

His host met him in the yard, in front of the cottage, with his inseparable companion, the pipe, in his mouth.—“Vell, ten, sho you cot pack,” said he, puffing a huge volume of curling vapour from his mouth.

“Oh yes,” replied Crosby, dismounting; “there is no difficulty in getting back on such a horse as yours, when his head is once turned towards home.”

“Oh yaw, Valdecker vill ride any potty right to mine house. Here, Haunse! take off tee shaddle, ant rup him town mit a visp of shtraw; ant, to ye hear, Haunse! tont let him trink till he coutch’d coold.”

“Oh, there is no danger,” returned Crosby; “I have not rode him hard. But how are the girls, and poor Gitty?”

“Vell, she complains as she is leetle petter; but she stood up, ven tinner vosh ready, pon tee ped, and ate pred, mit putter by it.”

By this time they had entered the house, where Crosby was met by the smiling Catreen, who kindly welcomed him back, and again reminded him of her Sunday shoes. These he promised to attend to immediately; and after visiting Gitty in her room, resumed his seat, and pursued his usual vocation.

CHAP. II.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

—Why then, you princes,
 Do you, with cheeks abashed, behold our works,
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE political intelligence which Crosby gathered from the conversation at Hopewell, proved, alas! to be too true. Forts Washington and Lee *had* fallen into the hands of the enemy, and the Americans *were* retreating across the Jerseys, closely pursued by the British—so closely, “that the rear of the army pulling

down bridges, was often within sight and shot of the van of the other, building them up."

At Newark, Washington asked colonel Reed—"Should we retreat to the back parts of Pennsylvania, will the Pennsylvanians support us?"

"That may depend upon contingencies," replied the colonel. "If the lower counties are subdued, and give up, the back counties will doubtless do the same."

"My neck does not feel as though it was made for a halter," returned Washington, passing his hand over it. "We must repair to Augusta county, in Virginia: numbers will be obliged to repair to us for safety, and we must try what we can do in carrying on a predatory war; and, if overpowered, we must cross the Allegany mountains."

To

To increase the gloom which now shrouded his future prospects, the hero, about this time, was deprived of one of his most able coadjutors and active generals. The veteran Lee, while leading on his division to join the main army, incautiously took up his lodgings at a house three or four miles from his troops. This circumstance was immediately communicated, by some unprincipled tories, to colonel Harcourt, of the British light-horse, who resolved to attempt his capture. Accordingly, with a detachment of dragoons, he speedily surrounded the house—made Lee his prisoner—and not permitting him time to take his hat and cloak, mounted him on a horse, and conveyed him to New-York.

In the mean time, Carleton's army in Canada, after driving the Americans from post to post, had made their appearance

pearance before Ticonderoga. A naval engagement had also taken place between the two fleets on Lake Champlain, which continued about four hours, and then resulted in the defeat of the Americans. The enemy, soon afterwards, established himself at Crown Point, and strengthened the fortifications; while Gates, with a corresponding ardour, continued to increase the works of defence at Ticonderoga, determined to give his neighbour a warm reception, if he honoured him with a visit.

During the developement of the foregoing transactions, the committee of safety felt very anxious respecting the state of affairs on the northern frontier. Frequent instances had been reported to them, of persons in that quarter being detected in enlisting soldiers for the tory regiments in New-York.

It

It had been already decreed, that every person of this description, who might fall into the hands of the Americans, should be tried by a court-martial, and, if found guilty, executed as a spy*. Some had already suffered death under this law, and still the nefarious practice was continued. Under such circumstances, the committee determined to send Crosby to the north.

Our hero was still a member of the friendly Dutchman's family. Gitty had recovered her health, and the Sunday shoes of Catreen had been once displayed at church.

c 6

It

* One Daniel Strong was found lurking about our army at Peekskill, and, on examination, enlisting orders were found sewed in his clothes. He was immediately tried as a spy from the enemy, sentenced to suffer death, and was executed accordingly.—*Thacher's Journal.*

It was a cold morning, near the close of December, and at a very early hour, that Crosby received a communication from the committee of safety, on the subject of this northern excursion. He had just resumed his seat, on what has been not unaptly termed St. Crispin's fiddle; for, in the present instance, it not only resembled that instrument in form, but also in tone, as its unstable joints squeaked in unison to the music of the hammer and lapstone. Such as it was, however, it was the manufacture of Crosby's own hands; exhibiting another evidence of that Yankee ingenuity, which has since become proverbial in the production of horn flints, wooden nutmegs, and artificial pumpkin-seeds.

He had just taken his seat, and was attempting to soften a roll of wax by the warmth of his own breath, when
casting

casting his eyes to the window, he saw a horseman at the gate, in the act of dismounting from a white steed, of superior form and dimensions.

The unusual clatter of an old iron knocker, which ornamented the front door of the building, soon announced a message of more than ordinary import; on being admitted, however, the messenger appeared to have forgotten the object of his journey, amid the more important concerns of blowing his fingers and warming his feet. But as soon as such matters were perfectly arranged to his mind, he took a letter from his pocket, and inquired for Jacob Brown*.

“ I answer to that name, for want of a better,”

* This was the name by which Crosby was known in the Dutchman's family.

a better," quaintly observed Crosby, waxing his thread.

"Then you are the man into whose hand I am directed to deliver this letter. An answer is expected by those who sent me."

Crosby broke the seal, perused the epistle, and then wrote a brief reply, with which the messenger departed on foot. This done, our hero repaired to the sleeping-room of his host, who was yet in bed, and informed him that he was under the necessity of leaving him immediately, being ordered to the north, on business that would admit of no delay, and that a swift horse had been sent for the express purpose of expediting his journey.

"Mine Cot!" exclaimed the other, starting up in his bed; "ten you vill not shtay nait us all tee Christmas holidays?"

"Not

"Not an hour," replied Crosby.

"Vell den, shtay till I kit up, and Catreen kit tee breakfast py tee table. You must not ride pon your pelly empty in tee coldt."

The whole family were soon mustered; and by the time Crosby had completed his own preparations for the journey, the table was loaded with hot buckwheat cakes, fried sausages, and every other substantial argument with which a Dutch farmer's larder is always liberally supplied. During breakfast, our hero expressed his gratitude to every member of the family, for the kindness and hospitality which he had uniformly received at their hands.

"Nonsense, man! — nonsense!" exclaimed the generous Dutchman: "who couldn't do tee same, ish no better ash nobody."

After

After taking an affectionate leave of every member of the family, and slyly saluting Catreen, as he stooped to assist her in buckling his portmanteau, which she had liberally furnished with necessaries, Crosby left the hospitable mansion, and mounted his horse. He then inquired of his host, who had followed him to the gate, the most direct road to Sharon.

“ To Sharon ! Val, you see dat roat pon de hel ?” pointing in a north-east direction.

“ Oh yes, I see it.”

“ Val, you musht not take dat roat. You see dis roat py tee colabarak ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Val, dat ish not tee roat. But you musht go right straight py tee parn, and vere you see von roat dat crooks just so—see here,” bending his elbow, and describing it at the same time—

“ and

“ and ven you kit dere, keep right along; and you musht mind to come pack, and shtay all night mit me, and make done our Haunse’s shoes *.”

In due time, Crosby found himself in the right road, and mounted upon an excellent horse; but the dreary season of the year, and the consequent inclemency of the weather, rendered the journey extremely unpleasant. In speaking

* This direction of the worthy Dutchman reminds the writer of the following story:—“ A Yankee, travelling through a Dutch settlement, in the state of New-York, and *guessing* that he was near his place of destination, thought he would ascertain the fact, by inquiring of a man who was hard at work in a field of potatoes. He was answered in the following manner:—‘ Val den, you vil turn de potato patch round, de pridge over, and de river up stream, and de hel up; and tirectly you see mine prother Haunse’s parn, shingled mit straw—dat’s his house vare mine brother Schnyven lives. He’ll tell you so petter as I can. And you go little further, you see two roats—you must not take bote of ‘em.’ ”

ing of this excursion, Crosby says—" I travelled as far as Bennington *, in Vermont, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, and suffered much from the cold and severe storms I encountered, and from riding on horse-back, contrary to my usual habits. Had it not been for expediting my journey, I should rather have trusted to my legs."

The object of his journey, however, was accomplished ; for, besides detecting a number of secret enemies to the country, in that quarter, whom he caused to be apprehended and brought to justice, he obtained such information also as enabled him ultimately to surprise a company of them much nearer home.

In

* Bennington is about thirty-six miles from Albany, in a north-east direction, and is famous for general Starke's victory over the Hessians, on the sixteenth of August 1777.

In the mean time, while Washington, with the main body of the American army, was retreating through the Jerseys, closely pursued by the enemy, general Heath, with his division, remained to fortify and defend the Highlands, on both sides the river. While attending to this arduous duty, assisted by Lincoln, Wooster, Scott, and Ten Broeck, he received the agreeable intelligence that Washington, who had previously retreated over the Delaware, into Pennsylvania, had suddenly turned upon his pursuers with the most complete success.

Such an event was totally unexpected by the enemy, who were reposing in confident security in Trenton, and other parts of New-Jersey. They had been celebrating the festival of Christmas with unusual satisfaction, occasionally mingling in their libations some bitter sarcasms against the flying Yankees.

The

The mercenaries of Hesse, Waldecker, and Hanover, who were posted at Trenton, were particularly elated on this occasion, as they fondly believed that their labours were now over, and the promised reward ready for their acceptance. They imagined that they had at length succeeded in driving the rebels from their country, and that their houses and lands were to be immediately divided among the Hessians—for such had been the delusive tale with which they had been flattered by their false-hearted employers.

Under such impressions, they celebrated the birth of the Saviour, with unusual demonstrations of joy; and feasted, and drank, and laughed, and sang, until the night was far spent. It was the Hessian's Christmas banquet.

But, like the impious feast of Belshazzar,

hazzar, its termination was to be fatal. The handwriting was already on the wall of their air-built castle of success and security. In the morning watch, the hero of liberty came upon them like a thief, and few escaped. After a contest of half an hour, those who had not fallen, surrendered to the victorious chief, and his gallant little band of bare-footed heroes*.

The news of this affair was like the first ray of sunshine, after a long, dismal, gloomy storm. It rejoiced the committee of safety, elated and encouraged the army, and revived the drooping hopes of Americans in every section of the country.

In the midst of their congratulations on this auspicious event, the same gallant

* See Appendix, No. VII.

lant band stole a march upon the British who were posted at Princeton, over whom they obtained another complete victory *.

The tide of success which had so long flowed in favour of the enemy, had now turned against them; while the Americans, suddenly aroused from a state of despondency, had become elated with joy; and, in their turn, pursued their invaders with as much rapidity as they had recently fled before them. Washington had always been popular; he was now the idol of the army—the acknowledged saviour of his country.

In order to take advantage of the general consternation which these events had produced in the ranks of the enemy, and, if possible, to drive them entirely out

* See Appendix, No. VIII.

out of the Jerseys, Washington sent an express to Heath, whose head-quarters were at Peekskill, directing him to draw his forces from the Highlands (excepting a sufficient guard), and march them down through the "neutral ground," towards New-York, as if he had a design upon the city. This manœuvre had the desired effect; the enemy became alarmed for the safety of the city, and withdrew his forces to protect it.

Heath advanced down as far as Kingsbridge, where a battle took place, without much advantage on either side. He then retired to the fortresses of the Highlands, where he retained the command until Washington ordered him to take that of the eastern department, and hold his head-quarters at Boston.

Several other events of interest occurred about this period. General Dickinson,

inson, with four hundred militia, and fifty Pennsylvania riflemen, defeated a British foraging party, of equal numbers, taking nine prisoners, one hundred horses, forty waggons, besides a number of sheep and cattle. Shortly after this affair, colonel Neilson, of New-Brunswick, with a party of militia, defeated the British major Stockton, killed four of his men, and captured fifty-nine, together with their commander.

Every such incident produced a beneficial effect on the reviving hopes of America, and tended, not a little, to lessen the mortification arising from several concomitant disasters; such as the enemy taking possession of Rhode-Island, and also, their destroying some stores at Peekskill.

This latter affair, however, was of trifling import. Heath had gone to Boston;

Boston; and M'Dougall, who commanded the post at Peekskill, finding it prudent to retire, on the approach of the enemy, the object of their expedition was partially accomplished. But the gallant Willett, then a lieutenant-colonel, with only sixty men, came upon the enemy by surprise, and compelled them to retire, with great precipitation, on board their vessels in the North River, after having suffered a considerable loss.

CHAP. III.

QUAKER HILL.

Do you confess, 'twas not a thirst of honour
Drew you thus far ; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plundered provinces ?
Fired with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Caesar's banners.

ADDISON.

WHILE the prospects of the American army were the most gloomy, and the hopes of the people at the lowest ebb, the two Howes, flushed with the rapid successes of the royal troops, had availed themselves of the occasion, and put forth a second proclamation, granting *pardons*

pardons to all those who should, within sixty days, subscribe a declaration to remain peaceable, not to take up arms, nor encourage others to act against the king's authority. At the same time, they charged and commanded all who were assembled in arms, against his majesty, to disband; and all legislative assemblies, committees, &c. to desist from their treasonable practices, and relinquish their usurped power, within sixty days from the date of the proclamation.

In order to convince the friends of England that Crosby was in the employment of Howe, the committee of safety, previous to his journey to the north, had furnished him copies of the foregoing proclamation, together with Howe's former declaration, offering rewards to such Americans as would assist him in subjugating their fellow-countrymen.

D 2

By

By exhibiting these documents to such as were too wary to avow their real sentiments, our hero was certain to gain their confidence, which was all that was requisite to secure their ultimate detection. It was not always easy to determine who were genuine whigs, as hundreds assumed that mask to conceal their real characters; but there was little difficulty or danger in denouncing the cautious and the wavering as tories. In a cause where the liberties of a whole nation, and the lives and property of thousands, are all at stake, "he who doubts is damned." He that is not for his country is virtually operating against it. It was to such persons that Crosby exhibited the British proclamations, and always with success.

But there were not wanting occasions of detecting the blustering pretenders also. Crosby had sufficient discernment,

ment, and had seen enough of human nature, to know that hypocrisy is apt to overact its part. Under this impression, he frequently set his trap for some of the most violent brawlers in the cause of liberty—and always with the same result—for the mask of patriotism was instantly thrown off, while the wearer would secretly confess to the bearer of Howe's proclamation, that he was at heart a partisan of Britain.

On returning from this excursion, while on his way to Fishkill, our hero ascertained that a company of loyalists was about being formed and organized at Pawling, a small town in Dutchess county, near the Connecticut line, and not many miles distance from the scenes of his boyish days.

To Pawling, therefore, he immediately repaired; where, in the course of

a fortnight, he succeeded in winning the confidence of the recruiting officer; and, as usual, agreed to become a member of the company.

In the centre of this town is an extensive valley, bounded by high hills on the east and west; and in the midst of the valley is a great swamp, where Croton River, Fishkill Creek, and some other streams, take their rise. On the east side of the valley, a well-known eminence, called Quaker-hill, rears its gigantic height, on which stands a large old-fashioned Quaker meeting-house.

It was at a retired habitation, in the vicinity of this building, that the newly-formed company of tories were in the habit of holding their secret meetings. Our hero, accordingly, made his arrangements to have the whole corps, himself included, taken into custody.

Unwilling,

Unwilling, however, to trust himself again in the hands of the ~~anglers~~, and aware that his absence at the time of the capture would awaken the suspicions of his less fortunate comrades, he applied to a colonel Morehouse, who resided in the vicinity, and requested his co-operation. This gentleman had no immediate command, but promised to assemble and arm a sufficient number of men, for this particular occasion.

Accordingly, at the time appointed, the tories being all collected at their usual rendezvous, two of the members hastily entered, with some degree of consternation depicted in their faces, one of whom addressed the captain—“Sir, there is a company of armed men collecting at colonel Morehouse’s. What can be their object?”

“Are we betrayed!” exclaimed the
D 4 captain,

captain, looking sternly round upon the company. "Can it be possible that we have any traitors among us?"

"Oh no," replied the lieutenant. "The probability is, that the lower party are coming up to drive the d——d rebels off; and that Morehouse has collected this company to oppose them."

"Some of you go out, and reconnoitre," said the captain; "and if there be any appearance of danger, give us timely notice."

Five or six immediately sallied forth, while their comrades remained in anxious suspense for their report. This suspense, however, was not of long duration; for the challenge of—"Stand! surrender!" soon saluted the ears of the whole party, and threw them into a state of consternation, dismay, and confusion, which it would be difficult, if not

not impossible, to describe. Some sprang from the windows, and attempted to conceal themselves by plunging into snow-banks ; others ran to the top of the building, and secreted themselves under the eves of the roof. Crosby retreated to an adjoining room, and crept under a bed ; but was soon dragged out, when he learned, to his secret joy, that scarcely one of the party had succeeded in making good his escape.

Seeing his fellow-captives undergoing the process of being bound, our hero was immediately seized with such a severe lameness in one of his limbs, as rendered it utterly impossible for him to walk.

“ I beg that you will not bind me,” said he to the colonel ; “ for in attempting to escape I have sprained my leg in a most shocking manner, and am not able to move a step.”

" Go you shall !" exclaimed the colonel, preparing to mount his horse. " Lame, or not lame, dead or alive, to prison you go with the rest. If you cannot walk, you shall be carried : here's a good horse, that will carry double, and you shall be tied to the crupper."

So saying, the colonel mounted, and ordered two of his men to raise up Crosby, and seat him, straddle, on the crupper behind him.

The men instantly obeyed, without much tenderness for the sprained leg, of which the prisoner bitterly complained.

The whole cavalcade, horse and foot, now took up the line of march, with their prisoners tied together in pairs. On approaching the place of confinement, the colonel dropped in the rear, and

and in a whisper gave Crosby the necessary directions for escaping. The escort halted in two lines, between which the prisoners marched into the building. While every eye was fixed upon the procession, Crosby slipped from the colonel's horse, and disappeared; nor was his absence noticed for several minutes; so that all search for the fugitive was rendered unavailing *.

From Pawling Crosby made his way to Patterson, a few miles further south ; but " finding no game in that quarter,"

D 6

* "Why the rebels suffer him to escape so easily, ~~is~~ more than I can answer," returned the captain, "but sir Henry would not permit a hair of his head to be injured."

"Indeed!" cried Frances, with interest; "is he then known to sir Henry Clinton?"

“At least he ought to be,” said the captain, smiling significantly.—*Spy, Vol. i.*

he concluded to repair to Fishkill for further orders. On reaching that place, and obtaining a private interview with the committee, they informed him that the service on which they next wished to employ him, would expose him to the danger of taking the small-pox, which then prevailed in various sections of the country. They therefore wished him to repair to doctor Miller's, and receive the disorder by inoculation; to which proposition he very readily assented. Being furnished by the committee with a letter of introduction, together with the necessary funds, in "continental," he immediately awaited on the doctor for that purpose. The process was so favourable, that the patient was confined but a few days.

As soon as he was pronounced fit for duty, the committee requested Crosby to visit the city of Albany, and the town
of

of Claverack *, upon special business with colonel Van Ness. Of the purport of this mission, or the time it occupied, we have not been informed ; but during the absence of their agent, the committee of safety was dissolved †, and two commissioners appointed in their stead, *viz.*

* Claverack is about thirty-five miles south of Albany, on the eastern side of the Hudson. It was settled at a very early period by the Dutch, and their descendants still occupy a large proportion of the rich lands in its vicinity.

† Jay was afterwards sent as an envoy to the court of Spain.—“ His capacity was equal to the business ; he was well received, and his public character acknowledged ; yet his negociations were of little consequence to America, while he resided in Spain. Perhaps, apprehensive that the spirit of freedom and revolt might extend to her own colonies, Spain chose to withhold her assistance.”—“ The highest favour he could obtain was, the trivial loan of four or five thousand pounds. A short time afterwards, however, Spain declared war against England.”—*Warren's Revolution.*

viz. captain M. Smith, and a Mr. Benson.

At Claverack Crosby remained some time, acting as an agent, in transferring the property which had been left by those tories who had joined the enemy, into the hands of such as had abandoned their own property, in order to escape from the British.—“This course,” says Crosby, “had a very beneficial effect, as the tories soon became tired of leaving their property to the enjoyment of other people.”

On returning to the vicinity of the “Neutral Ground,” our hero resumed his former vocation of ferreting out such tories as were concerting plans to aid the common enemy, and causing them to be brought to justice. But such was the result of his ingenuity and address, that his plans were always so contrived as

as to leave an impression on the minds of his victims, that he was one of their warmest adherents. He was frequently taken and imprisoned with the rest; but always escaped, and in such a mysterious, inexplicable, wonderful manner, as occasionally elicited from some good old Dutch matron, a dark hint, or an "ambiguous giving-out," that Enoch Crosby had entered into a solemn covenant with a certain being, whose name shall not sully our pages.

Through the medium of the tories, whose confidence in our hero's loyalty was every day strengthened by the risks he ran to serve their cause, he obtained much valuable intelligence respecting the contemplated movements of the lower party. This he always found means to communicate to the commissioners, who as regularly transmitted the same to head-quarters.

The

The year 1777 was distinguished by many events, highly interesting to those who were engaged in the glorious struggle for American freedom ; and there is little doubt that in the developement of several, the unseen agency of Crosby produced the most auspicious results.

Among the fortunate incidents of the year, may be enumerated, the brilliant success of colonel Meigs, at Sag Harbour, on Long-Island * ; the capture of the British general Prescott, by colonel Barton, of Providence, R. I. † ; colonel Willett's successful sally from Fort Stan-

wix,

* On the twenty-fourth of May, colonel Meigs made a successful attack on the British stores at Sag Harbour, destroying twelve brigs and schooners, together with great quantities of hay, corn, &c. He sustained no loss, and brought off with him ninety prisoners.

† See Appendix, No. IX.

wix, since called Fort Schuyler*; general Stark's victory at Bennington†; colonel Brown's success at Lake George and Ticonderoga ‡; the battles of Saratoga and Stillwater §; the defeat of the Hessians at Red Bank, by colonel Greene ||; and, finally, the surrender of general Burgoyne, with his whole army, to general Gates ¶.

But

* See Appendix, No. X.

† See Appendix, No. XI.

‡ On the eighteenth September, the Americans, under colonel Brown, attacked and defeated the British, on the north end of Lake George, and Ticonderoga. They took two hundred and ninety-three prisoners, released one hundred Americans, and retook the continental standard left there on its evacuation, July 6, 1777.

§ See Appendix, No. XII.

|| See Appendix, No. XIII.

¶ See Appendix, No. XIV.

But this life, alas! is a chequered scene, and the current of human affairs seldom runs smooth. As a set-off to the foregoing, the Americans had to deplore a series of disasters. The most important of these were, the unsuccessful battles of Brandywine and Germantown*; Wayne's defeat at Paoli†; Warner's defeat at Hubbardstown, in Vermont‡; Herkimer's defeat, while marching

* See Appendix, No. XV.

† On the twenty-first of September, the British, under general Gray, surprised the American general Wayne, about one o'clock in the morning, at Paoli. Of the Americans, about three hundred were killed or wounded with the bayonet, and about seventy or eighty prisoners taken, including several officers.

‡ Colonel Warner commanded the rear-guard of general St. Clair, consisting of twelve hundred men, on their march from Ticonderoga to Hubbardstown, in Vermont. They were pursued by a detachment

ing to the relief of Fort Stanwix*; the plundering and burning of Danbury, in Connecticut, and the consequent battle, in which general Wooster was mortally wounded, and a number of Crosby's old friends and fellow-soldiers slain†; the occupation of Philadelphia by the enemy; the capture of Fort Mont-

detachment from Burgoyne's army, under general Fraser, who overtook them near Hubbardstown, where a close and severe engagement took place, in which the brave colonel Francis fell, with other valuable American officers. American loss, three hundred and twenty-four killed, wounded, and prisoners. British loss, one hundred and thirty-three killed and wounded.

* Fort Stanwix, since called Fort Schuyler, was, early in August, invested by a body of Britons, Canadians, tories, and Indians, and Herkimer was on his march to disperse them. See Appendix, No. X.

† See Appendix, No. XVI.

Montgomery*; and the wanton conflagration of the continental village of Esopus, and Livingston's manor.

* See Appendix, No. XVII.

CHAP.

8

CHAP. IV.

THE SPY UNMASKED.

Fictitious characters aside are thrown,
And epilogues are given in their own.

Players' Manual.

'RIGUE and stratagem in war are not
justifiable, but absolutely neces-
sary; and he who proves the greatest
genius in these, will eventually pluck
the laurel from the brow of his oppo-
site. But that man must possess more
ingenuity, and address, than gene-
rally falls to the share of an individual,
who can support a fictitious political
character

character for months, and even years, without being compelled, sooner or later, to throw off the mask, and to stand exposed in his own proper person.

Such, at length, proved to be the destiny of our hero. The mysterious and inexplicable *exits*, by which he uniformly eluded the fate and penalties of his less fortunate companions, began to excite suspicions, which were not long in receiving confirmation. The loyalists naturally concluded that there was something more in this than mere chance and good luck, if their philosophy could only find it out; and by consulting on the subject, collating circumstances, and comparing notes, they at length came to the conclusion, that Enoch Crosby, instead of being what he pretended, a friend to the king, was, in fact, an American Spy; and unanimously resolved to take a summary

and exemplary vengeance on the
quent.

ware of the threatening storm, he thought it prudent to retreat before its fury. He had a brother-in-law, living in the Highlands, to whom he lately imparted the secret of the game he had been playing, for the purpose of relieving his parents from the burden of anxiety under which they so long laboured. He therefore intended to retire to the Highlands, remain with this relation, until he could procure a respectable situation in the army of Washington.

But he was watched, by his new enemies, more closely than he had anticipated; and on the second day of his residence, was fired at through a window, by some person in ambush on the side of the house. The ball just grazed

grazed his neck, and lacerated the collar of his coat; it then buried itself in an opposite wainscot, where the perforation is still to be seen. But, on the strictest search, no traces of the assailant could be discovered.

Our hero was now compelled to be very circumspect and guarded in his movements; seldom venturing to show himself on the outside of the dwelling, and constantly sleeping in a retired back room, with a loaded musket at hand. But what precaution can elude the subtlety of determined vengeance?

"A few nights subsequent to the foregoing incident," says Crosby, in relating this circumstance to the compiler, "an armed gang came to the house of my brother-in-law, burst open the door, dragged him from his bed, and demanded where I was to be found. On his refusing

refusing to tell them, they commenced beating him until they had almost killed him. Perceiving that there was no alternative left him, but either to die under their hands, or to inform them where I slept, he directed them to my room, which they entered with the fury of demons.

“ I now awoke out of a sound sleep, when the first object that met my view was a large hideous-looking fellow, coming at me, with a light in one hand and a drawn pistol in the other. I immediately sprang from my bed; but before I could reach my gun, he discharged his pistol at me—happily without effect. I instantly returned his fire; but being in a scuffle, my aim was imperfect, and the shot, of course, ineffectual. I then grappled with him, and soon had him on the floor, completely at my mercy.

“ At this moment, however, finding

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myself,

myself, amidst the smoke and confusion; assailed by three others, I was obliged to relinquish my fallen enemy, who sprang upon his feet, while I was defending myself against this formidable reinforcement. Two of them at length succeeded in making themselves masters of my hands and arms, which they held extended, while a third presented a pistol to my breast, with the manifest intention of blowing me through the body. But this was prevented by the *humane* interference of him who had just recovered his feet—‘Don’t shoot the d——d rascal!’ exclaimed he, ‘let us pound him to death!’

“ And, sure enough, at it they went; but soon found that I had feet and hands as well as themselves. More than one of them was saluted with a kick in the wind-chest that shortened his breath; and, notwithstanding their superior numbers, several of them got a flooring, from

from a pair of fists that had seen some service.

“ But they finally proved too powerful for me; when, exhausted with exertion and loss of blood, I fell on the floor in a state of insensibility.”

Supposing that they had now consummated their bloody purpose, these merciless marauders left their senseless victim ~~weltering~~ in his gore, and returned to the apartment of his brother-in-law, who was not in a much more enviable situation; while the shrieks of women, and the cries of children, added to the distress and confusion of the scene.

The villains then proceeded to plunder the house. They broke open every drawer and closet they could find; and not a single portable article, of the most trifling value, was left behind. Among

other things, they took the clothes and musket of our fallen hero, together with a sum of money belonging to his brother-in-law. They then departed with their booty, leaving the family in a situation that baffles description*.

But these midnight assassins had happily thought more of their plunder, than of their personal safety. The report of fire-arms had alarmed the neighbours, who hastily assembled, and pursued the retreating ruffians, whom they finally overtook on the bank of the Croton. They were considered as outlaws, undeserving of quarter. Those who escaped the fire of their pursuers, were driven into the river, and several of them drowned. On the fall of the stream, in the ensuing spring, the musket of our hero,

* The robbery of Harvey Birch by the Skinners, bears some resemblance to this affair.—See *the Spy*, Vol. i.

hero, with some other articles, were found and restored.

Crosby recovered very slowly from his wounds and bruises, so that it was several months before he was fit for active duty of any kind. The health of his brother-in-law was much more speedily restored; but the event itself was one of too much consequence to every individual concerned, to be easily forgotten.

In the mean time, through the influence of the marquis La Fayette, an alliance had been formed between France and the United States of America. This event gave a new and brighter aspect to affairs; and was soon followed by the active co-operation of a French army and fleet. La Fayette himself had been appointed a major-general, by congress, at an early period of the war; but as

yet, held no separate command. He had, however, distinguished himself in several engagements, by the side of Washington; and at the battle of Brandywine, received a severe wound. While posted at Barren Hill, in Pennsylvania, with a detachment of two thousand five hundred men, an attempt was made by general Grant, at the head of seven thousand British troops, to surprise him; but the marquis defeated his design by a masterly retreat, which did him much honour. He also acted a conspicuous part at the battle of Monmouth*, where victory perched on the standard of freedom.

Time

* In this affair the enemy left four officers and two hundred and forty-five men dead on the field of battle, who were buried by the Americans; they also left four officers and forty men wounded. Several died on both sides from the excessive heat of the weather, it being the twenty-eighth of June, and the thermometer at ninety-six.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and the great contest was continued with various success; dame Fortune sometimes smiling on one party, and sometimes on the other. While the enemy could boast of his successful depredations at Rhode-Island, Egg-Harbour, Nantucket, New-Haven, and various other places, the Americans could congratulate themselves on Wayne's glorious victory at Stony-Point*; the enemy's repulse at Rhode-Island, by general Sullivan†; and on the success of

E 4

major

* General Wayne took Stony-Point, by assault, on the sixteenth of July 1779. Lieutenant-colonel Johnson, commandant, and five hundred and forty-three men, were taken prisoners. The enemy lost sixty-three killed, and the Americans fifteen, with eighty-three wounded, thirty of them very badly. Wayne was wounded in the head with a musket ball.

† In this affair the enemy lost thirty-eight killed, and two hundred and ten wounded; twelve miss-

major Lee, at Pawles' Hook*. Although they had to deplore the unfortunate surprise of colonel Baylor, at Tappan, by the British general Gray, who ordered no quarter to be given to the Americans, yet they had the consolation of several brilliant achievements, on their own
ing; total loss, two hundred and sixty. The American loss was much less.

* On the nineteenth of July 1779, major Lee, of the Virginia cavalry, surprised the enemy's post at Pawles' Hook. Major Sutherland, who commanded the fort, with a number of Hessians, escaped; thirty of the garrison were killed, and seven officers and one hundred and fifty men taken. The American loss was only six killed and wounded. Lee, according to his orders, retreated immediately. A large British force being in the vicinity, prevented his destroying the barracks and artillery. Lee was a man of chivalric spirit and enterprise, and commanded the finest corps of cavalry that Washington could boast of. This active officer and amiable gentleman distinguished himself on many occasions during the war, and is, no doubt, the "major Dunwoody" of Cooper's Spy.

own part, which were unsullied by a single act of inhumanity, or a drop of needless blood.

The history of our hero furnishes no event of interest, since the midnight assault of his enemies, until we find him holding a subordinate command in the elegant corps of the marquis La Fayette.

Two brigades had been selected from the different regiments in the main army, by Washington himself, as a compliment to his gallant young friend, and fellow-labourer in the glorious cause of liberty. When duly organized, they were paraded and reviewed by the commander-in-chief, with all his general officers, who were unanimously of the opinion that the whole army could not furnish a more excellent corps of light infantry. They were then presented, in form, to the young marquis, who was

so delighted with his command, that he immediately equipped them, at his own individual expence, in a style of superior elegance. To every officer he presented an elegant sword, and the privates were clothed in a beautiful uniform. "He infused into this corps a spirit of pride and emulation, viewing it as one formed and modelled according to his own wishes, and as deserving his highest confidence. *They* were the pride of *his* heart—he was the idol of *their* regard. They were constantly panting for an opportunity of accomplishing some signal achievement, worthy of his and their character, and their wishes were ultimately gratified."

A detachment from this corps, commanded by colonel Van Cortlandt, was stationed on the east side the Hudson, to manœuvre on the "Neutral Ground," where the inhabitants were now continually

nually exposed to the ravages and insults of refugees and tories. One company of this detachment was commanded by Crosby, during the absence of his captain to the north, and was not unfrequently engaged in some interesting affair with the enemy's outposts and patroles.

The situation of the "Neutral Ground," at this period, was painfully interesting to the patriot as well as the philanthropist. The country was rich and fertile, and the farms appeared to have been advantageously cultivated; but it now wore the marks of a country in ruins. A large proportion of the proprietors having abandoned their farms, the few that remained found it impossible to harvest the produce. The meadows and pastures were covered with grass of a summer's growth, and thousands of bushels of apples and other fruit

fruit were ripening on the trees, for no other purpose than to fall and rot on the round !

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry V.*

Those of the inhabitants of the “ Neutral Ground,” who were tories, had joined their friends in New-York ; while the whigs had retired into the interior of the country. Some of each side had taken up arms, and were now the most cruel and deadly foes. Within the British line, were hordes of banditti, consisting of lawless villains, who devoted themselves to the most rapacious pillage and robbery among the defenceless inhabitants

habitants between the lines, many of whom were dragged off to New-York, after witnessing the plunder of their houses and farms. These shameless marauders were known by the names of *cow-boys* and *refugees*, who, by their atrocious deeds, had become a scourge and terror to the people.

In the vicinity of the American lines was another class of robbers, equally unprincipled, but still more criminal, because they committed their depredations under the mask of patriotism. These were called *skimmers*, and professed to be whigs; while the *cow-boys* claimed the title of *loyalists*. The lust of plunder alone was the governing impulse of each.

Numerous instances occurred of these miscreants subjecting defenceless persons to cruel tortures, to compel them to

to deliver up their money, or to disclose the places where it had been secreted. It was not uncommon for them to hang a man by his neck till apparently lifeless*, then restore him; repeat the experiment, and leave him for dead.

While Crosby was on duty in the vicinity of Teller's Point, where the waters of the Croton empty into Tappan Bay, a British sloop of war came up the river, and anchored in the stream, opposite the Point. With an unconquerable predilection for stratagem, our hero immediately concerted a plot, for the sole purpose, as he says, of affording

“a little

* In Cooper's description of the preparations for hanging a Skinner, by a leader of the refugees, he says—“ The Skinner had so often resorted to a similar expedient, to extort information or plunder, that he by no means felt the terror an unpractised man would have suffered, at these ominous movements.”—*Spy, Vol. ii.*

"a little sport for his soldiers." He accordingly proceeded down to the Point, accompanied by six men, five of whom, besides himself, concealed themselves in the woods, which grew a short distance from the shore, while the other paraded the beach, so as to display La Fayette's uniform in so conspicuous a manner as to attract the notice of the officers on board the vessel.

The enemy swallowed the bait; and a boat soon put off from the sloop of war, manned with eleven men, under the command of a lieutenant, to make a prisoner of this one yankee, who precipitately fled into the woods, as the barge approached the shore. The Englishmen followed, threatening to shoot the fugitive, unless he stopped and surrendered.

As soon as the pursuers had passed
his

his own little party, which were scattered in various directions, Crosby exclaimed—"Come on, my boys! Now we have them!"

At this signal every man sprang up in his place, with a shout that made the welkin ring; making, at the same time, such a rustling in the bushes, that the British, thinking themselves surrounded by a superior force, surrendered without resistance. On the next day they were marched to Fishkill, and confined in the old Dutch church.

Van Cortlandt's detachment was small; but, by a well-managed finesse, he often succeeded in deceiving the enemy, as to its real numbers. He would occasionally approach the British lines; and, posting his men in scattered positions among the hills, cause each squad to beat to arms successively. They would then

then show themselves to the British; and manœuvre in such a manner as to appear like reinforcements coming down to join the main body. This *ruse de guerre* often deterred the enemy from pursuing his predatory excursions against the defenceless inhabitants of the "Neutral Ground."

Van Cortlandt's detachment, however, was at length ordered to West Point, and from thence to the main army at Tappan, in New-Jersey; where Crosby remained until his stipulated term of service had expired. In the mean time, the following incident occurred, for the authenticity of which we have the testimony of Van Cortlandt himself; although the particulars, it is believed, have never before been published.

A young man, of Peekskill, by the name

name of John Paulding, while serving his country in the Westchester militia, was taken prisoner, and sent to the city of New-York. Whether he was confined in a sugar-house, or the *provost**, as it was then called, we have not been informed; nor do we know the length of time he remained a captive. It was in the summer of 1780, however, about the period that a celebrated satirical poem was published in New-York, entitled the "Cow Chase†," from the pen

of

* The present debtor's jail.

† This bitter satire, the reader will doubtless recollect, was directed against the American brigadier-general Wayne, the hero of Stony Point, whom the poet accuses of stealing cattle for the use of the American army. The poem concludes with the following prophetic stanza:—

" And now I close my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet."

of John André, adjutant-general in the British army.

Though vigilantly watched, Paulding was allowed the liberty of his prison-yard, a capacious enclosure, surrounded by a strong high fence. By bribing a coloured woman, who lived in the vicinity, to furnish him with a ladder, he one night effected his escape from the yard; and, after remaining concealed some time in her cellar, succeeded in reaching the North River undiscovered.

Here he found a boat, and finally landed in safety, on the Jersey shore, near Hoboken. He then made the best of his way to the American army at Tappan, where he related his adventure to his fellow-townsman, colonel Van Cortlandt, whose assistance he solicited, in proceeding to Peekskill. Van Cortlandt

landt accordingly supplied him with money, furnished him with a pass, and procured him a passage across the river.

After landing on the eastern side of the Hudson, Paulding directed his course homeward; but had not proceeded far, when he met two of his former companions in arms, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart, who hailed his return with joy, and heartily congratulated him on his fortunate escape.

After some conversation, they prevailed upon Paulding to relinquish his intention of going directly to Peekskill, and to accompany them on an excursion down the "Neutral Ground," towards the British lines, where they were going, they said, "to have some fun with the Cow-boys."

Young and enterprising, Paulding readily acceded to the proposal; and after providing himself with a musket, and other requisites, he accompanied his reckless associates to Tarrytown, where they achieved an adventure that immortalized their names, and saved their country from inevitable ruin.

CHAP. V.

THE SPY AND THE TRAITOR.

—Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin !

ADDISON.

ABOUT the middle of September, the commander-in-chief, attended by generals La Fayette and Knox, with a splendid retinue, left the American camp in New-Jersey, and proceeded to Hartford, in Connecticut, for the purpose of holding a conference with the commanding officers of the French fleet and army, which

which had lately arrived at Rhode Island. In the mean time, the command of the American army devolved on major-general Greene, whose head-quarters were at Tappan, where the corps to which Crosby was attached was now stationed.

A week had elapsed since the departure of Washington, and no incident of importance had occurred. Greene had learned, through the medium of his spies, that some secret expedition was on foot, at the city of New-York; but of its nature and direction, he could not obtain the smallest hint. On the ninth day, however, at three o'clock in the morning, an alarm was spread through the American camp; and in a few minutes all were under arms: a detachment, consisting of two regiments, was immediately ordered to march to West Point, with all possible expedition; and the rest

rest of the troops were directed to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning.

While every one was pondering in his own mind the probable object of this sudden movement, and vainly endeavouring to conjecture the cause, a general order was promulgated, which soon explained it to the whole army, filling every breast with astonishment and indignation. The following communication, in the orders of general Greene, was read by the adjutants to their respective regiments:—" Treason, of the blackest dye, was yesterday discovered. General Arnold, who commanded at West Point, lost to every sentiment of honour, of private and public obligation, was about to deliver up that important post into the hands of the enemy. Such an event must have given the American cause a dangerous, if not a fatal, wound happily.

happily the treason has been timely discovered, to prevent the fatal misfortune. The providential train of circumstances which led to it, affords the most convincing proofs that the liberties of America are the object of Divine protection. At the same time that the treason is to be regretted, the general cannot help congratulating the army on the happy discovery. Our enemies, despairing of carrying their point by force, are practising every base art to effect, by bribery and corruption, what they cannot accomplish in a manly way.

“ Great honour is due to the American army, that this is the first instance of treason of the kind, where many were to be expected from the nature of our dispute. The brightest ornament in the character of the American soldiers is, their having been proof against all the arts and seductions of an insidious enemy.

“ Arnold has made his escape to the
COL. II. F enemy;

enemy; but major André, the adjutant-general of the British army, who came out as a spy to negotiate the business, is our prisoner."

The particulars of André's arrest and trial are familiar to every reader*. Lieutenant-colonel Jameson was then the commanding officer on the American lines, above the Neutral Ground; and to him was André conducted by his incorruptible captors, Paulting, Van Wart, and Williams, whom, in our last chapter, we left on their way to Tarrytown.

The prisoner immediately requested Jameson to inform Arnold, by letter, that John Anderson was taken on his way to New-York, with which request the lieutenant-colonel immediately complied.

Arnold

* See Appendix, No. XVIII.

Arnold received the letter about ten o'clock in the morning, while at breakfast. Two of Washington's aids, major Shaw and doctor M'Henry, had just arrived, and were at breakfast at Arnold's table. His confusion was visible, but no one could divine the cause.

Struck with the pressing danger of his situation, momentarily expecting Washington's return from Hartford, the traitor called instantly for a horse.—“A horse!” exclaimed he, as he started from the table. “Any one—even if a waggon horse!”

He then bade a hasty adieu to his wife, and enjoining a positive order on the messenger not to inform any one that he was the bearer of a letter from colonel Jameson, he repaired to his barge, and ordered the coxswain, with eight oarsmen, to proceed down the

river, to the sloop of war **Vulture**, which he reached in safety, under the protection of a flag, and which immediately set sail for New-York.

Washington arrived at Arnold's quarters in two hours after the traitor had escaped. Not finding Arnold at home, and being informed that he had gone to West Point, Washington passed over the river to view the works at that post; but not finding Arnold, he returned, in the hope of meeting him at his quarters. But here he was again disappointed, for no person could account for his absence.

Mrs. Arnold was now in her chamber, in great agitation and distress, deprived of her reason, and doctor Eustis in attendance. At a lucid interval she requested to see Washington; but by the time he reached the chamber, her distraction

traction returned, and she knew him not. He then withdrew, and repairing to the dining-room, sat down to dinner, but soon arose again, with apparent agitation. He then took colonel Lamb aside, and expressed to him his suspicion that Arnold had deserted to the enemy. In less than two hours it was ascertained that the conjecture was too well founded; for a dispatch arrived from colonel Jameson, with an account of the capture of André, accompanied by his own letter of confession. The prisoner was conducted to West Point, and from thence to head-quarters, at Tappan, where preparations were made for his trial by a court-martial.

Washington immediately proceeded to the camp, at Tappan; and the moment he arrived, sent for major Lee, who was posted, with the Virginia light-horse, some distance in front.

“ This officer repaired to head-quarters with celerity, and found the general in his marquee alone, busily engaged in writing. So soon as Lee entered, he was requested to take a seat, and a bundle of papers, lying on the table, was given to him for perusal.

“ In these papers much information was detailed, tending to prove that Arnold was not alone in the base conspiracy just detected; but that the poison had spread; and that a major-general, whose name was not concealed, was certainly as guilty as Arnold himself.

“ This information had just been received by Washington, through his confidential agents in New-York; and Lee immediately suggested the probability that the whole was a contrivance of sir Henry Clinton, in order to destroy that confidence between the commander and his officers, on which the success of military operations depended.

“ The

‘The suggestion,’ replied Washington, ‘is plausible, and deserves due consideration. It early occurred to my own mind, and has not been slightly regarded. But the same suggestion applies to no officer more forcibly than a few days ago it would have done to general Arnold, now known to be a traitor.

‘I have sent for you, sir, in the expectation that you have in your corps individuals capable and willing to undertake an indispensable, delicate, and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward on this occasion, will lay me under great obligations personally; and, in behalf of the United States, I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost; he must proceed, if possible, this night. My object is to probe to the bottom the afflicting intelligence contained in the papers you have just read, to seize Arnold, and by getting him, to save André. They are all connected. While

my emissary is engaged in preparing means for the seizure of Arnold, the guilt of others can be traced ; and the timely delivery of Arnold to me, will possibly put it into my power to restore the amiable and unfortunate André to his friends*."

Lee readily undertook to find a member of his corps capable of executing this hazardous service, but doubted whether he would consent to engage in an enterprise, the first step to which was desertion. The person he selected was the serjeant-major of the corps, Champé by name, and a Virginian by birth ; who, after much persuasion, consented to undertake it. He that night deserted to the enemy ; and, though closely pursued, reached Powles' Hook in safety, and was taken

* See the Memoirs of Major Henry Lee.

taken on board a British galley, which conveyed him to New-York, where he was closely examined by sir Henry Clinton, who gave him a letter of introduction to Arnold, who immediately appointed him one of his recruiting serjeants.

In the mean time, the interposition of sir Henry Clinton, who was extremely anxious to save his much-loved aid-de-camp, still continued; and it was expected that the examination of witnesses, and the defence of the prisoner, would protract the decision of the court of inquiry, which assembled on the twenty-ninth of the month, and give sufficient time for the consummation of the project committed to Champé, from whom information had just been received that gave some hopes of his success.

But a complete disappointment took
F 5 place,

place, from a quarter unforeseen and unexpected. André disdained defence, and prevented the examination of witnesses, by confessing the character in which he stood. He was consequently declared to be a spy, and condemned to suffer accordingly.

Washington approved the sentence, and ordered his execution to take place on the first day of October, at five o'clock in the afternoon. In this decision he was warranted by the very unpromising intelligence contained in another letter from Champé, which he had just received; by the still-existing implication of other officers in Arnold's conspiracy; by a due regard to public opinion; and by real tenderness to the prisoner himself.

Neither congress nor the nation could have been, with propriety, informed of the

the cause of the delay, had any been interposed; and without such information, it must have excited in both, alarm and suspicion. The secret was known to none but Washington, Lee, Champé, and a confidential agent in New-York. André himself could not have been intrusted with it; and would, consequently, have attributed the unlooked-for event to the expostulation and exertion of sir Henry Clinton, which would not fail to produce in his breast expectations of ultimate relief; to excite which would have been cruel, as the realization of such expectation depended only on a possible, but improbable, contingency.

On the first day of October, at the hour appointed, a large concourse of people assembled to witness the execution of the gallant and unfortunate young officer. The gallows was erected, and the grave and coffin prepared; but a flag-of-

truce arrived with a communication from sir Henry Clinton, making another and further proposals for the release of major André; in consequence of which the execution was postponed until twelve o'clock on the following day.

This flag was accompanied by the British general Robertson, with Andrew Elliott and William Smith, esquires, for the purpose of pleading for the release of major André, the royal army being in the greatest affliction on the occasion.

Elliott and Smith, not being military officers, were not permitted to land; but general Greene was appointed, by the commander-in-chief, to meet Robertson, at Dobb's Ferry, and to receive his communications. He had, however, nothing material to urge, but that André had come on shore under the sanction of a flag, and therefore could not be considered

sidered as a spy. But this plea was contradicted by André's own confession.

“ Having failed in this point, Robertson requested that the opinion of disinterested persons might be taken; and proposed generals Knyphausen and Rochambeau, as proper persons. This proposition could not be acceded to.

“ Robertson then had recourse to threats of retaliation, on some people in New-York and Charleston; but he was told that such conversation could not be heard nor understood.

“ He next urged the release of André on motives of humanity, saying he wished an intercourse of such civilities as might lessen the horrors of war, and cited instances of sir Henry Clinton's merciful disposition; adding, that André possessed a great share of that gentleman's affection and esteem, and that he would be infinitely obliged if he was spared.

He

He offered, that if his earnest wishes were complied with, to engage that any prisoner in their possession, whom Washington might name, should be immediately set at liberty*."

But all intercession was fruitless ; and least of all availed a letter to Washington, of which Robertson was the bearer, from the traitor Arnold, filled with threats of retaliation, and the accountability of Washington for the torrents of blood that might be spilt, if he should order the execution of André ! It is difficult to say which created the most astonishment in the breast of Greene—that Arnold should have the consummate effrontery to write such a letter, or that Robertson should consent to be the bearer of it.

Nothing, of course, was effected by this

* See Thacher's Journal, p. 271.

this interview, and the messengers returned in despondency to New-York. André, in the mean time, during his confinement, trial, and condemnation, evinced a composure and dignity of mind, that enlisted the sympathies of all in his favour.—Not a murmur escaped him; while the civilities and attentions bestowed on him, were gratefully and politely acknowledged. Having left a mother and two sisters in England, he was heard to mention them in terms of the tenderest affection; and in his letter to sir Henry Clinton, he recommended them to his particular attention.

Crosby assures us, that though every one acknowledged the policy of the sentence, there was scarcely one that spoke of his approaching fate without evincing the deepest emotions of sympathy. The principal guard officer, who was constantly in the room with André, informed Crosby,

Crosby, that when the fatal hour arrived, and the prisoner was summoned to attend, he heard and complied without any visible emotion; and while all present were more or less affected, he retained a serene countenance, with calmness and composure of mind.

The prisoner walked from the stone house in which he had been confined, between two subaltern officers, arm in arm. A large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled, to witness the awful ceremony. As the situation of Crosby, in the procession, was not so convenient for observation, we will give the remaining particulars in the language of doctor Thacher, to whose excellent journal we have already acknowledged ourselves largely indebted.

“During the solemn march to the fatal

fatal spot," says the doctor, " I was so near as to observe every movement, and participate in every emotion, which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. The eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on the prisoner, who, rising superior to the fears of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned.

" It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward, and made a pause. ' Why this emotion, sir ?' said an

an officer at his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said—‘ I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode.’

“ While waiting, and standing near the gallows,” continues doctor Thacher, “ I observed some degree of trepidation; placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon; and, at this moment, he appeared to shrink; but, instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said, ‘ It will be but a momentary pang ;’ and taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost marshal, with one, loosely pinioned his arms ; and, with the other, the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes, with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks, not only of his servant,

servant, but of the throng of spectators.

“ The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his own head, and adjusted it to his neck, without the assistance of the awkward executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the handkerchief from his eyes, and said—‘ I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.’ The waggon being now removed from under him, he was suspended, and instantly expired. It proved, indeed, ‘ but a momentary pang.’

“ He was dressed in his royal regiments and boots ; and his remains, in the same dress, were placed in an ordinary coffin, and interred at the foot of the gallows ; and the spot was consecrated by the tears of thousands*.”

The

* In the autumn of 1821, the remains of major André

The enterprise of Champé was well concerted, and would probably have succeeded but for an unforeseen accident. On the day preceding the night fixed upon for the execution of the plot, Arnold removed his quarters to another part of the town ; and Champé, with all Arnold's new recruits, were transferred from their barracks to one of the transports. He was thus compelled to proceed with Arnold to Virginia, where he made his escape, and rejoined the American army soon after it had passed the Congaree, in pursuit of lord Rawdon.

André were disinterred, and transported to England.

CONCLU-

CONCLUSION.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches, to delightful measures ;
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

SHAKESPEARE.

A FEW weeks after the foregoing events, intelligence was received of a very brilliant exploit of the militia in North Carolina, under colonels Campbell, Cleveland, Shelby, and Sevier, who, with about three thousand volunteers, attacked and defeated major Ferguson, at the head of a large force of refugees and tories. Ferguson, with one hundred and

and fifty of his men, were killed, and eight hundred and ten taken prisoners, of whom one hundred and fifty were wounded. They also took fifteen hundred stand of arms. Of the Americans, colonel Williams was mortally wounded, about twenty killed, and a number disabled. Ten of the prisoners were immediately hung as traitors. This is called the battle of King's Mountain.

But few incidents occurred in the vicinity of New-York, during the ensuing winter and spring. In July following, the French and American armies formed a junction at White Plains, from whence they proceeded to New-Jersey. After some ingenious manœuvring to deceive the British with respect to his real designs, Washington suddenly marched to the south, with the combined armies, leaving sir Henry Clinton under

under the apprehension of an immediate attack on the city of New-York.

The result of this southern expedition is well known. Cornwallis surrendered his army at Yorktown, and the ministry of England gave up the contest in despair. Our independence was acknowledged, peace restored, and the smiles of joy scattered over the long-afflicted country.

Crosby remained, with the division of the army which was left under the command of Heath, for the defence of the posts in the Highlands, until the period of his engagement had expired. He then retired to Southeast, where his father died shortly afterwards; and there he has since resided, 'till to the present day.

He cultivates a small farm, the product

duct of his own industry, since the peace of 1783 ; having received, for all his revolutionary services, only the trifling pittance of two hundred and fifty dollars*. He has had two wives, the last of which was the widow of colonel Greene ; and he is the father of four children, two sons and two daughters, who are grown up, and settled in the county of Westchester. For twenty-eight years, he was justice of the peace in the town of Southeast ; and for the last fourteen years, he has held the office of deacon in the Presbyterian church. He has likewise held that of deputy-sheriff for the county. He is universally respected by his neighbours, acquaintance, and fellow-citizens generally ; and now enjoys a " green old age," which, we trust, will be succeeded by a happy immor-

* " Never !" said Birch, speaking out, " was it for money I did all this !"—*Spy*, Vol. ii.

immortality; for Enoch Crosby was, "for years, a faithful and unrequited servant of his country. Though man does not, may God reward him for his conduct*."

* See the concluding paragraph of the "Spy."



APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

No. I.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA, IN BOSTON HARBOUR.

THE Americans, determined to oppose the revenue system of the English parliament, in every possible shape, considered the attempt of the East India Company to evade the resolutions of the colonies, and dispose of teas in America, as an indirect mode of taxation, sanctioned by the authority of parliament. Several public meetings were held on the subject, particularly in the town of Boston. At one of these meetings, while the assembled multitude were in quiet consultation, on the safest mode to prevent the sale and consumption of an herb, *noxious* at least to the political constitution, the debates were interrupted by the entrance of the sheriff,

sheriff, with an order from the governor, styling them an illegal assembly, and directing their immediate dispersion.

This authoritative mandate was treated with great contempt, and the sheriff instantly hissed out of the house. A confused murmur ensued, both within and without the walls; but in a few moments all was again quiet, and the meeting adjourned without delay.

Within an hour after this was known abroad, there appeared a great number of persons, clad like the aborigines of the wilderness, with tomahawks in their hands, and clubs on their shoulders, who, without the least molestation, marched through the streets with silent solemnity, and amidst innumerable spectators, proceeded to the wharves, boarded the ships, demanded the keys, and without much deliberation, knocked open the chests, and emptied several thousand weight of the finest teas into the ocean. No opposition was made, though surrounded by the king's ships; all was silence and dismay.

This done, the procession returned through the

the town in the same order and solemnity as observed in the outset of their attempt. No other disorder took place, and it was observed the stillest night ensued that Boston had enjoyed for several months.

The number of persons disguised as Indians, is variously stated; none put it lower than sixty —none higher than eighty. The destruction was effected by the disguised persons, and some young men who volunteered; one of the latter collected the tea which fell into the shoes of himself and companions, and put it into a phial, and sealed it up (which phial is now in his possession), containing the same tea. The contrivers of this measure, and those who carried it into effect, will never be known; some few persons have been mentioned as being among the disguised; but there are many and obvious reasons why secrecy then, and concealment since, were necessary. None of those persons who were confidently said to have been of the party (except some who were then minors, or very young men), have ever admitted that they were so. Mr. Samuel Adams is thought to have been in the counselling of this

exploit, and many other men who were lead in the political affairs of the times ; and the of council is said to have been in the b room of Edes and Gill's printing-office, at corner of the alley leading to Brattle-st church, from Court-street. There are very alive now who helped to empty the chest tea, and these few will probably be as prud as those who have gone before them.

No. II.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

THE following anecdote, which is too well authenticated to be disputed, furnishes one instance, among thousands, of that heroic spirit and love of liberty which characterized the American females during the struggle for independence.

"A good lady—we knew her when she had grown old—in 1775, lived on the sea-board, about a day's march from Boston, where the British army then was. By some unaccountable accident, a rumour was spread, in town and country, in and about there, that the *regulars* were on a full march for that place, and would probably arrive in three hours at farthest. This was after the battle of Lexington, and all, as might be well supposed, was in sad confusion—some were boiling with rage, and full of

fight; some with fear and confusion; some hiding their treasures; and others flying for life.

In this wild moment, when most people, in some way or other, were frightened from their property, our heroine, who had two sons, one about nineteen years of age, the other about sixteen, was seen by our informant preparing them to discharge their duty. The eldest, she was able to equip in fine style; she took her husband's fowling-piece, 'made for duck or plover,' (the goodman being absent on a coasting voyage to Virginia), and with it the powder-horn and shot-bag; but the lad thinking the duck and goose shot not quite the size to kill regulars, his mother took a chisel, cut up her pewter spoons, and hammered them into slugs, and put them into his bag; and he set off in great earnest, but thought he would call one moment, and see the parson, who said—'Well done, my brave boy—God preserve you!' and on he went in the way of his duty.

The youngest was importunate for his equipments, but his mother could find nothing to arm him

him with but an old rusty sword ; the boy seemed rather unwilling to risk himself with this alone, but lingered in the street, in a state of hesitation, when his mother thus upbraided him—‘ You, John H******, what will your father say, if he hears that a child of his is afraid to meet the British ? Go along. Beg or borrow a gun ; or you will find one, child—some coward, I dare say, will be running away ; then take his gun, and march forward ; and if you come back, and I hear you have not behaved like a man, I shall carry the blush of shame on my face to the grave.’

She then shut the door, wiped the tear from her eye, and waited the issue ; the boy joined the march. Such a woman could not have cowards for her sons.

Instances of refined and delicate pride and affection occurred, at that period, every day, in different places ; and in fact this disposition and feeling was then so common, that it now operates as one great cause of our not having more facts of this kind recorded. What few there are remembered should not be lost.

Nothing great or glorious was ever achieved which women did not act in, advise, or consent to."

No. III.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

THE heights of Charlestown were so situated, as to make the possession of them a matter of great consequence, to either of the contending parties. Orders were therefore issued, June 16th, by the provincial commanders, that a detachment of a thousand men should entrench upon Breed's Hill*. Here the Americans, between midnight and morning, with uncommon expedition and silence, threw up a small redoubt, which the British did not discover till the morning of the 17th, when they began an incessant firing, and continued it till afternoon. With the intrepidity of veteran soldiers, the Americans

* Historians, through mistake, have called the hill where the battle was fought, *Bunker Hill*, which is a quarter of a mile north of Breed's, or Russel's Hill, where the battle was fought.

Americans bore this fire, and proceeded to finish their redoubt, and to throw up a breastwork, extending eastward of it to the bottom of the hill. About noon general Gage detached major-general Howe and brigadier-general Pigot, with the flower of his army, in two detachments, amounting in the whole to nearly three thousand men. They landed at a point about one hundred and fifty to two hundred rods southeast of the redoubt, and deliberately prepared for the attack.

While the troops who first landed were waiting for a reinforcement, the Americans on the left wing, towards Mystic River, for their security, pulled up some adjoining post and rail fence, and set it down in two parallel lines near each other, and filled the space between with hay, which the day before was mowed, and remained in the adjacent field. The British troops, in the mean time, formed in two lines, and about three o'clock advanced slowly towards the Americans. The hills and steeples in Boston, and the circumjacent country, were crowded with anxious spectators of the dubious conflict. While some felt for the honour of

the

the British troops, multitudes, with a keener sensibility, felt for the liberties of a great and growing country.

The attack commenced on the part of the British troops. The Americans had the precaution, in obedience to the orders of their commanding officer, to reserve their fire till their enemies had approached within ten or twelve rods of their works. They then began a well-directed and furious discharge of small-arms, which mowed down their enemies in ranks, and occasioned a disorderly and precipitate retreat. Their officers rallied them with difficulty, and pushed them forward with their swords, to a second attack. They were, in the same manner, put to flight a second time. With still greater difficulty they were forced by general Howe to a third attack.

By this time the powder of the Americans began to fail, and their redoubt was attacked on two sides. Under these circumstances, a retreat was ordered; the left wing of the Americans, north-east of the redoubt, still continuing their fire, ignorant of what had taken place on

on the right, till the British had nearly surrounded them. The retreat was effected, with an inconsiderable loss, considering the greater part of the distance they had to pass was completely exposed to the incessant fire of the Glasgow man-of-war, and two floating-batteries. In this retreat Warren fell.

During the heat of this bloody action, by order of general Gage, Charlestown was set on fire, by a battery on Cops' Hill, in Boston, and a party from the Somerset man-of-war, lying in Charles River, and nearly four hundred houses, including six public buildings, were consumed, with their furniture, &c. valued by nineteen men, under oath, at one hundred and fifty-six thousand nine hundred pounds specie; and two thousand persons reduced from affluence and mediocrity, to the most aggravated poverty and exile.

The number of Americans engaged in this memorable action was only one thousand five hundred. There have been few battles in modern wars in which, all circumstances considered, there was a greater slaughter of men than in

in this short engagement. The loss of the British, as acknowledged by general Gage, amounted to one thousand and fifty-four men. Nineteen commissioned officers were killed, and seventy wounded. The loss of the Americans was seventy-seven killed, two hundred and seventy-eight wounded and missing.

The death of major-general Warren, who four days before had received his commission, and who, having had no command assigned him, fought this day as a volunteer, was particularly and greatly lamented. "To the purest patriotism, and the most undaunted bravery, he added the eloquence of an accomplished orator, and the wisdom of an able statesman."

No. IV.

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.

ON the twenty-second of February 1776, it was evident that some great preparations were on foot, in the American army; for some important event. Orders were received, in the hospital department, to prepare lint and bandages, to the amount of two thousand, for fractured limbs, and other gun-shot wounds. On the second of March, a very heavy discharge of cannon and mortars commenced from all the works at Cambridge and Roxbury, which continued at intervals for two days. This, it seems, was merely a finesse to draw the enemy's attention to a wrong quarter. On the fourth, the designs of Washington were made known to the army.

“ The object in view,” says doctor Thacher, “ is now generally understood to be the occupying

pying and fortifying of the advantageous heights of Dorchester. A detachment of our troops is ordered to march for this purpose this evening; and our regiment, with several others, has received orders to march at four o'clock in the morning to relieve them. We are favoured with a full bright moon, and the night is remarkably mild and pleasant; the preparations are immense; more than three hundred loaded carts are in motion. By the great exertions of general Mifflin, our quarter-master-general, the requisite number of teams has been procured. The covering party of eight hundred men advance in front; then follow the carts with the intrenching tools; after which, the working party of twelve hundred, commanded by general Thomas of Kingston; next in the martial procession are a train of carts, loaded with ~~specines~~ and hay, screwed into large bundles of seven or eight hundred weight. The whole procession moved on in solemn silence, and with perfect order and regularity; while the continued roar of cannon serves to engage the attention, and divert the enemy from the main object.

“ At about four o'clock our regiment followed
to

to the heights of Dorchester, as a relief party. On passing Dorchester Neck, I observed a vast number of large bundles of screwed hay, arranged in a line next the enemy, to protect our troops from a raking fire, to which we should have been greatly exposed, while passing and repassing. The carts were still in motion with materials; some of them have made three or four trips. On the heights we found two forts in considerable forwardness, and sufficient for a defence against small-arms and grape-shot. The amount of labour performed during the night, considering the earth is frozen eighteen inches deep, is almost incredible. The enemy having discovered our works in the morning, commenced a tremendous cannonade from the forts in Boston, and from their shipping in the harbour. Cannon shot are continually rolling and rebounding over the hill; and it is astonishing to observe how little our soldiers are terrified by them.

“ During the forenoon we were in momentary expectation of witnessing an awful scene; nothing less than the carnage of Breed’s Hill battle was expected. The royal troops are perceived

perceived to be in motion, as if embarking to pass the harbour, and land on Dorchester shore, to attack our works. The hills and elevations in this vicinity are covered with spectators, to witness deeds of horror in the expected conflict. His excellency general Washington is present, animating and encouraging the soldiers, and they in their turn manifest their joy, and express a warm desire for the approach of the enemy; each man knows his place, and is resolute to execute his duty. Our breast-works are strengthened, and among the means of defence are a great number of barrels, filled with stones and sand, arranged in front of our works, which are to be put in motion, and made to roll down the hill, to break the ranks and legs of the assailants as they advance. These are the preparations for blood and slaughter. Gracious God! if it be determined in thy providence that thousands of our fellow-creatures shall this day be slain, let thy wrath be appeased, and in mercy grant, that victory be on the side of our suffering, bleeding country.

“ The anxious day has closed, and the enemy has failed to molest us. From appearances, however,

however, there are strong reasons to suppose, that they have only postponed their meditated work till another day. It is presumed that the martial fire, which has been enkindled in the breasts of our soldiery, will not be extinguished during the night, and that they will not rest quietly under their disappointment. Early in the morning of the sixth, our regiment was relieved from its tour of duty, and I bade adieu to Dorchester heights, without being called to dress a single wound. Not more than two or three men were killed or wounded during the twenty-four-hours.

“ Some of the British troops were seen to embark, and pass down towards the castle last evening, to be in readiness, it was supposed, in conjunction with others, to attack our works this morning ; but a most violent storm came on in the night, and still continuing, obliges general Howe to abandon his enterprise ; and thus has a kind Providence seen fit to frustrate a design, which must have been attended with immense slaughter and bloodshed. General Howe must now be sensible of his exposed situation, and be convinced of the immediate

diate necessity of evacuating the town of Boston, if he would prevent the sacrifice of his fleet and army."

No. V.

PATRIOTIC SACRIFICES.

“ FROM whatever cause it proceeded, it is certain, that a disposition to do, to suffer, and to accommodate, spread from breast to breast, and from colony to colony, beyond the reach of human calculation. It seemed as though one mind inspired the whole. The merchants put far behind them the gains of trade, and cheerfully submitted to a total stoppage of business, in obedience to the recommendations of men invested with no legislative powers. The cultivators of the soil, with great unanimity, assented to the determination, that the hard-earned produce of their farms should remain unshipped, although, in case of a free exportation, many would have been eager to have purchased it from them, at advanced prices. The sons and daughters of ease renounced imported

imported conveniences, and voluntarily engaged to eat, drink, and wear, only such articles as their country afforded.

“ These sacrifices were made, not from the pressure of present distress, but on the generous principle of sympathy, with an invaded sister colony, and the prudent policy of guarding against a precedent, which might, in a future day, operate against their liberties.

¶ 2

“ The season of universal distress exhibited a striking proof how practicable it is for mankind to sacrifice ease, pleasure, and interest, when the mind is strongly excited by its passions. In the midst of their sufferings, cheerfulness appeared in the face of all the people. They counted every thing cheap, in comparison with liberty, and readily gave up whatever tended to endanger it. A noble strain of generosity and mutual support was generally excited. A great and powerful diffusion of public spirit took place. The animation of the times raised the actors in these scenes above themselves, and excited them to deeds of self-denial, which the

interested prudence of calmer seasons can
scarcely credit."

No. VI.

EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN HALE.

THE particulars of this tragical event, sanctioned by general Hull, who was knowing to them at the time, are thus related by Miss H. Adams, in her History of New England.

“ The retreat of general Washington left the British in complete possession of Long Island. What would be their future operations, remained uncertain. To obtain information of their situation, their strength, and future movements, was of high importance. For this purpose, general Washington applied to colonel Knowlton, who commanded a regiment of light infantry, which formed the van of the American army, and desired him to adopt some mode of gaining the necessary information.

“ Colonel Knowlton communicated this re-
quest

quest to captain Hale, of Connecticut, who was then a captain in his regiment. This young officer, animated by a ~~sense~~ of duty, and considering that an opportunity presented itself, by which he might be useful to his country, at once offered himself a volunteer for this hazardous service. He passed in disguise to Long Island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations.

“ In his attempt to return, he was apprehended, carried before sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views.

“ Sir William Howe at once gave an order to the provost marshal to execute him the next morning.

“ The order was accordingly executed in a most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he desired, was refused him ; a bible, for a moment’s devotion, was not procured,

cured, though he requested it. Letters, which on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother, and other friends, were destroyed ; and this very extraordinary reason given by the provost marshal, ' that the rebels should not know that they had a man in their army, who could die with so much firmness.'

" Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast, with this as his dying observation, ' that he only lamented he had but one life to lose for his country.' How superior to the dying words of André ! Though the manner of his execution will ever be abhorred by every friend to humanity and religion, yet there cannot be a question but that the sentence was conformable to the rules of war, and the practice of nations in similar cases.

" It is, however, a justice due to the character of captain Hale, to observe, that his motives for engaging in this service were entirely different from those which generally influence others in similar circumstances. Neither expectation

of promotion nor pecuniary reward, induced him to this attempt. A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion which he had adopted, that every kind of service necessary to the public good, became honourable by being necessary, were the great motives which induced him to engage in an enterprise, by which his connections lost a most amiable friend, and his country one of its most promising supporters.

“ The fate of this unfortunate young man excites the most interesting reflections.

“ To see such a character, in the flower of youth, cheerfully treading in the most hazardous paths, influenced by the purest intentions, and only emulous to do good to his country, without the imputation of a crime, fall a victim to policy, must have been wounding to the feelings even of his enemies.

“ Should a comparison be drawn between major André and captain Hale, injustice would be done to the latter, should he not be placed on an equal ground with the former. Whilst almost

almost every historian of the American Revolution has celebrated the virtues and lamented the fate of André, *Hale has remained unnoticed, and it is scarcely known that such a character ever existed.*

“ To the memory of André, his country has erected the most magnificent monuments, and bestowed on his family the highest honours and most liberal rewards. To the memory of Hale, not a stone has been erected, nor an inscription to preserve his ashes from insult.”

No. VII.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

“ WASHINGTON having obtained information that the advanced party of the enemy, consisting of about fifteen hundred Hessians and British light-horse, under command of colonel Rahl, was stationed at the village of Trenton, concerted a plan for taking them by surprise. For this purpose, he made choice of Christmas night, under the idea, that in consequence of the festivity, they might be less vigilantly guarded. At this time the whole force under his immediate command did not exceed three thousand men. At the head of about two thousand four hundred men, one division being commanded by general Greene, and the other by general Sullivan, he crossed the river Delaware in boats, in the night of the twenty-fifth of December, during a severe storm of snow and rain. The passage of the boats was rendered extremely

tremely difficult and hazardous by the ice, and part of the troops and cannon actually failed in the attempt. Having landed on the Jersey shore, he had nine miles to march, and he reached the village about seven o'clock in the morning, with such promptitude and secrecy, as to attack the enemy almost as soon as his approach was discovered. A smart firing ensued, which continued but a few minutes, when the enemy, finding themselves surrounded, threw down their arms, and surrendered as prisoners. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, was mortally wounded, and seven other officers were wounded, and left at Trenton on their parole; about thirty-five soldiers were killed, sixty wounded, and nine hundred and forty-eight, including thirty officers, were taken prisoners, amounting, in all, to one thousand and forty-eight. Of the continentals, not more than ten, it is supposed, were killed and wounded. General Washington recrossed the Delaware the same day in triumph, bringing off six excellent brass cannon, about one thousand two hundred small arms, and three standards, with a quantity of baggage, &c.

“ This very brilliant achievement is highly honourable to the commander-in-chief, and to all that were engaged in the enterprise. We are sanguine in the hope, that this most auspicious event will be productive of the happiest effects, by inspiriting our dejected army, and dispelling that panic of despair into which the people have been plunged.

“ General Washington allowed the Hessian prisoners to retain their baggage, and sent them into the interior of Pennsylvania, ordering that they be treated with favour and humanity. This conduct, so contrary to their expectations, excited their gratitude and veneration for their amiable conqueror, whom they styled ‘ *a very good rebel.*’ ”

Thacher's Journal.

No. VIII.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

“ AFTER his success at Trenton, general Washington received considerable reinforcements of troops from Virginia and Maryland, and some regiments of militia, which enabled him again to cross the Delaware into the Jerseys, and face the enemy. While at Trenton, lord Cornwallis advanced to attack him, and a severe cannonade commenced. In the evening, general Washington ordered a great number of fires to be lighted up, and leaving a sufficient number of men to keep them burning during the night, to deceive the enemy, stole a march, with his main army, taking a circuitous route, and, at nine o'clock the next morning, attacked three regiments of the British, who were posted at Princeton, routed them, and drove them from their redoubts.

“ By this masterly manœuvre, the enemy lost

about five hundred, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The loss on our side is very inconsiderable, in point of numbers; but we have to lament the death of brigadier-general Mercer, a brave officer, who commanded the Virginia militia. The fact is published, that, after general Mercer surrendered himself, the enemy, deaf to the voice of humanity, stabbed him with their bayonets, and, with the butt-end of a musket, battered and disfigured his face in a savage manner.

“ It is to be remarked, that on this memorable occasion lord Cornwallis was completely out-generalled; while he was expecting to find the continental army at their lighted fires at Trenton, he was astonished and confounded to hear the firing occasioned by this same army, beating up their quarters twelve miles in his rear. His lordship immediately repaired, by a forced march, to Princeton, but arrived too late to retaliate on his vigilant antagonist, who had taken up his route to Morristown. Finding that the continentals were out of his reach, his lordship proceeded, without halting, to Brunswick.

“ Stratagems

“Stratagems in war, when wisely concerted, and judiciously executed, are considered as characterizing a military genius of superior order, and is a quality of inestimable value in every commander. It is often exultingly remarked in our camp, that Washington was born for the salvation of his country, and that he is endowed with all the talents and abilities necessary to qualify him for the great undertaking.

“The militia of Jersey, immediately on their being liberated from the control of the British, flew to arms, exasperated and stimulated by a recollection of their sufferings, and have become their most bitter and determined enemies, and are very active and vigilant in harassing them on all occasions, keeping a continual watch, and cutting off small parties whenever opportunities offer.

“It is gratifying to the army, that Congress have conferred on their generalissimo more ample powers, and appointed him *Dictator* for the *limited* term of six months; to reform and new model the military arrangements, in such manner

manner as he may judge most ~~advantageous~~
for the public service. Much good is expected
to result from this measure."

Thacher's Journal.

No.

No. IX.

CAPTURE OF PRESCOTT.

“ IN the month of July 1777, lieutenant-colonel Barton, of the Rhode-Island militia, planned a bold exploit, for the purpose of surprising and taking major-general Prescott, the commanding officer of the royal army at Newport. Taking with him, in the night, about forty men in two boats with oars muffled, he had the address to elude the vigilance of the ships of war and guard-boats, and having arrived undiscovered at the quarters of general Prescott, they were taken for the sentinels, and the general was not alarmed till his captors were at the door of his lodging-chamber, which was fast closed. A negro man, named Prince, instantly thrust his beetle head through the panel-door, and seized his victim while in bed. The general’s aid-de-camp leaped from a window undressed, and attempted to escape, but was taken,

taken, and, with the general, brought off in safety.

“ In repassing the water-guards, general Prescott said to colonel Barton—‘ Sir, I did not think it possible you could escape the vigilance of the water-guards.’

“ This is the second time that general Prescott has been a prisoner in our hands within two years. This adventure is extremely honourable to the enterprising spirit of colonel Barton, and is considered as ample retaliation for the capture of general Lee by colonel Harcourt. The event occasions great joy and exultation, as it puts in our possession an officer of equal rank with general Lee, by which means an exchange may be obtained. Congress resolved that an elegant sword should be presented to colonel Barton for his brave exploit.

“ It has been ascertained that general Howe has relaxed in his rigid treatment of general Lee, and conducted towards him in a manner suitable to his rank. The Hessian officers, on whom retaliation had been inflicted, are also restored

restored to their former condition as prisoners
of war."

Thacher's Journal.

No. X.

SIEGE OF FORT STANWIX.

“ON the third of August 1777, colonel St. Leger, and sir John Johnson, with a body of Britons, Canadians, tories, and Indians, invested Fort Stanwix, now Fort Schuyler, one hundred and ten miles from Albany. General Herkimer, with about eight hundred militia, was advancing to disperse this motley collection, and to relieve the garrison; but unfortunately he fell into an ambuscade, and suffered a considerable loss. Being himself wounded in both legs, he was seen sitting on a stump, and courageously encouraging his men, by which they maintained their ground, and did great execution among the enemy. Several of the Indian chiefs were slain by the first fire, which so disheartened the remainder, that they were thrown into the greatest confusion, and turning on the tories, and other white people, a

warm

warm contention ensued between them, and many of the whites were killed.

“ Colonel Gansevort, the commander of the fort, sent out lieutenant-colonel Willet, with two hundred and fifty men, who bravely routed the Indians and tories, destroyed their provisions, and took their kettles, blankets, muskets, tomahawks, deer-skins, &c. with five colours, and returned to the fort. The brave general Herkimer soon died of his wounds, and one hundred and sixty of his militiamen, having fought like lions, were killed, besides a great number wounded.

“ St. Leger’s victory over our militia was purchased at a dear price; more than seventy of his Indians were slain, and among them a large proportion of their most distinguished and favourite warriors, and the survivors were exceedingly dissatisfied.

“ The object of the expedition was far from being accomplished; the commander did not, however, despair of getting possession of the fort; for this purpose he sent in a flag, demanding

manding a surrender. He greatly magnified his own strength—asserted that Burgoyne was at Albany—and threatened that, on refusal, his Indians would destroy all the inhabitants in the vicinity; and so soon as they could enter the fort, every man would be sacrificed. Colonel Gansevort nobly replied in the negative, being determined to defend the fort at every hazard; aware, however, of his perilous situation, he found means of sending to general Schuyler, at Stillwater, for assistance. General Arnold was now dispatched with a brigade of troops to attack the besiegers; but finding their force greatly superior to his own, he sent back for a reinforcement of one thousand light troops.

“ An object which cannot be accomplished by force, is often obtained by means of stratagem. Lieutenant-colonel John Brooks, an intelligent officer from Massachusetts, being in advance with a small detachment, found one major Butler, a noted officer among the Indians, endeavouring to influence the inhabitants in their favour, and he was immediately secured. A man also, by the name of Cuyler, who was proprietor of a handsome estate in the vicinity,

was

was taken up as a spy. Colonel Brooks proposed that he should be employed as a deceptive messenger, to spread the alarm, and induce the enemy to retreat.

“ General Arnold soon after arrived, and approved the scheme of colonel Brooks ; it was accordingly agreed that Cuyler should be liberated, and his estate secured to him, on the condition, that he would return to the enemy, and make such exaggerated report of general Arnold’s force, as to alarm and put them to flight. Several friendly Indians being present, one of their head men advised that Cuyler’s coat should be shot through in two or three places, to add credibility to his story.

“ Matters being thus adjusted, the impostor proceeded directly to the Indian camp, where he was well known, and informed their warriors, that major Butler was taken, and that himself narrowly escaped, sever~~at~~ shot having passed through his coat, and that general Arnold, with a vast force, was advancing rapidly towards them. In aid of the project, a friendly Indian followed, and arrived about an hour after,

after, with a confirmation of Cuyler's report.

“ This stratagem was successful ; the Indians instantly determined to quit their ground, and make their escape : nor was it in the power of St. Leger and sir John, with all their art of persuasion, to prevent it. When St. Leger remonstrated with them, the reply of the chiefs was—‘ When we marched down, you told us there would be no fighting for us Indians ; we might go down and smoke our pipes ; but now a number of our warriors have been killed, and you mean to sacrifice us.’

“ The consequence was, that St. Leger, finding himself deserted by his Indians, to the number of seven or eight hundred, deemed his situation so hazardous, that he decamped in the greatest hurry and confusion, leaving his tents, with most of his artillery and stores, in the field. General Arnold, with his detachment, was now at liberty to return to the main army at Stillwater ; and thus have we clipped the right wing of general Burgoyne.

“ In

“ In the evening, while on their retreat, St. Leger and sir John got into a warm altercation, criminating each other for the ill success of the expedition. Two sachems observing this, resolved to have a laugh at their expence. In their front was a bog of clay and mud ; they directed a young warrior to loiter in the rear, and then, of a sudden, run, as if alarmed, calling out—‘ *They are coming ! they are coming !*’ On hearing this, the two commanders, in a fright, took to their heels, rushing into the bog; frequently falling and sticking in the mud, and the men threw away their packs, and hurried off. This and other jokes were several times repeated during the night, for many miles.”

Thacher's Journal.

No. XI.

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

ON the sixteenth of August 1777, the Americans under general Stark, defeated the British and Indians, under lieutenant-colonels Baum and Breyman, at Bennington, Vt. Stark divided his troops into three divisions, and ordered colonel Nichols, with two hundred and fifty men, to gain the rear of the left wing of the enemy, who was secured by entrenchments. At the same time colonel Hendrick made a similar movement on the enemy's right wing, while Stark attacked them in front.

The Indians, alarmed at the appearance of being surrounded, endeavoured to make their escape in a single file between the two parties, with their horrid yells and the gingling of cow bells. The flanking parties approached each other in their rear, and general Stark making a bold

bold and furious onset in front, a general and close conflict ensued, and continued with more or less severity for about two hours. Though colonel Baum had nearly twice their numbers, and was defended by breastworks, the force opposed to them proved irresistible, forcing their breastworks at the muzzles of their guns, and obliging them to ground their arms, and surrender at discretion, so that the victory on our part was complete. We took two pieces of brass cannon, and a number of prisoners, with baggage, &c.

“ This was no sooner accomplished, than colonel Breyman, with one thousand German troops, arrived, with two field-pieces, to reinforce colonel Baum, who had just been defeated. General Stark’s troops were now scattered, some attending the wounded, some guarding the prisoners, and still more in pursuit of plunder, and all exhausted by extreme hunger and fatigue. At this critical moment, colonel Warner’s regiment arrived, and the other troops being rallied, the whole were ordered to advance. A field-piece had been taken from Baum in the forenoon, and Stark

ordered it to be drawn to the scene of action but his men, having never seen a cannon, knew not how to load it; the general dismounted, taught them by loading it himself. ... An action soon commenced, and proved warm and desperate, in which both sides displayed the most daring bravery, till night approached, when the enemy yielded a second time in one day to the Yankee conquerors. The German troops being totally routed, availed themselves of the darkness of night to effect their retreat.

“ The whole number of killed, wounded, and prisoners, was nine hundred and thirty-four, including one hundred and fifty-seven Tories; of this number six hundred and fifty-four are prisoners. Colonel Baum received a mortal wound, of which he soon after died. Besides the above, one thousand stand of arms, four brass field-pieces, two hundred and fifty dragoon swords, eight loads of baggage, and twenty horses, fell into our hands. The loss on our side is not more than one hundred in the whole.

“ The officers and men engaged in this splendid

splendid enterprise merit all the praise which a grateful country can bestow; they fought disciplined troops, completely accoutred, while they wielded their ordinary firelocks with scarce a bayonet, and, at first, without cannon. The consequences must be most auspicious as, respects our affairs in the northern department. Burgoyne must feel the clipping of another wing, and it must diminish his confidence in his successful career. The event will also be productive of the happiest effects on the spirits of our militia, by increasing their confidence in their own prowess.

“ The following anecdote deserves to be noticed, for the honour of the person who is the subject of it, though his name has not been ascertained. A venerable old man had five sons in the field of battle near Bennington, and being told that he had been unfortunate in one of his sons, replied—‘ What, has he misbehaved? did he desert his post, or shrink from the charge?’—‘ No, sir,’ says the informant, ‘ worse than that; he is among the slain; he fell contending mightily in the cause.’—‘ Then I am satisfied,’ replied the good old man;

‘ bring him in, and lay him before me, that I may behold and survey the darling of my soul.’ On which, the corpse was brought in, and laid before him. He then called for a bowl of water and a napkin, and, with his own hands, washed the gore and dirt from his son’s corpse, and wiped his gaping wounds, with a complacency, as he himself expressed it, which before he had never felt or experienced.”

Thacher’s Journal.

No. XII.

BATTLE OF STILLWATER, OR SARATOGA.

THE American army, under the command of general Gates, in the vicinity of Stillwater, in the county of Saratoga, state of New-York, attacked the enemy, under general Burgoyne, on the nineteenth of September 1777. At about three o'clock, both armies being formed in a line of battle, the action became general, and the combatants on both sides evinced that ardour and gallantry which shews a determination to conquer or die. The firing, for about three hours, was incessant, with continued tremendous roar and blaze, filling the field with carnage and death. Few battles have been more obstinate and unyielding—at one point the British are overpowered; but, being reinforced, the Americans are baffled; these, being supported, and renewing their efforts, regain their advantages; the same ground is occupied alternately,

alternately—the dead and wounded of both parties are mingled together. The British resort repeatedly to their bayonets without effect—the Americans resist, and foil their attempts.

“ Captain Jones, of the British artillery, had the command of four pieces of cannon, which he conducted with great skill and valour till he fell, and thirty-six, out of forty-eight, of his artillery-men, were killed or wounded; his cannon were repeatedly taken and retaken, but finally remained with the enemy, for the want of horses to bring them off.

“ During the engagement, a number of our soldiers placed themselves in the boughs of high trees, in the rear and flanks; and took every opportunity of destroying the British officers by single shot: in one instance, general Burgoyne was the object, but the aid-de-camp of general Phillips received the ball through his arm, while delivering a message to Burgoyne; the mistake, it is said, was occasioned by having his saddle furnished with rich lace, and was supposed, by the marksman, to be the British commander.

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“In the dusk of evening the battle terminated, the British in one quarter silently retreating, the Americans in another give way, and quit the long-contested field. Lieutenant-colonel Brooks, with the eighth Massachusetts regiment, remained in the field till about eleven o’clock, and was the last who retired. Major Hull commanded a detachment of three hundred men, who fought with such signal ardour, that more than half of them were killed or wounded.

“The whole number of Americans engaged in this action, was about two thousand five hundred; the remainder of the army, from its unfavourable situation, took little or no part in the action. The British have suffered a loss, as is supposed, of more than five hundred in killed, wounded, and prisoners. On the side of the Americans, sixty-four were killed, two hundred and seventeen wounded, and thirty-eight missing. Among the killed, are colonels Adams and Colburn, two valuable officers, much regretted.

“The victory on this important occasion is
14 claimed

claimed by the enemy, but the advantages are most decidedly on the side of the Americans: they were the assailants—they held their ground during the day—and at the close retired to their encampment without being pursued. The royal army lay all the ensuing night on their arms, at some distance from the field of battle."

Thacher's Journal.

No.

No. XIII.

RED BANK AFFAIR.

“ The Americans had erected several forts and redoubts on the banks of the Delaware River and on Mud Island, to guard against the passage of the British fleet up this river to Philadelphia. In one of these forts at Red Bank, colonel Greene, of Rhode Island, was posted, with about four hundred men. General Howe, perceiving the great importance of reducing these works, detached count Donop, an officer held in high estimation in the royal army, with twelve or fifteen hundred Hessian troops, well supplied with artillery, to take possession of it. Having arrived near the redoubts, he summoned the commander to surrender, to which he resolutely replied, he would defend the place to the last extremity.

“ This fort being originally constructed on a

large scale, it was found necessary to run a line across the middle, and divide it into two, so that the external part was left without defence. The Hessian commander ordered his troops to advance under cover of the smoke of his cannon, and storm the redoubt; they soon gained the unoccupied part with loud huzzas on their supposed victory; but on approaching the new lines within, where our troops were stationed, the brave garrison poured on them such hot and well-directed fire for about forty minutes, that they were completely overpowered, and fled in every direction. Colonel Donop, their commander, was mortally wounded, and taken, and more than one hundred were killed on the spot, and a greater number wounded and prisoners. The enemy retreated with great precipitation, leaving many of their wounded on the road, and returned to Philadelphia with the loss of one half their party.

“ Colonel Greene, and his brave troops, acquired great honour for their gallant defence of the fort, which is a key to other posts on the river. Congress have rewarded the colonel with an elegant sword.

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“ The British army found it difficult to procure the necessary supplies in Philadelphia, and the continental galleys and strong chevaux-de-frize in the Delaware, rendered a passage of their ships up to the city almost impossible. Admiral lord Howe determined to attempt the removal of these formidable obstructions, and he ordered six of his ships to engage in this service. They were so unmercifully handled by our galleys, and from Fort Mifflin, at Mud Island, that two of them, one of sixty-four guns, run aground, and were set on fire by the crews who deserted them, and soon after they blew up.”

Thacher's Journal.

No. XIV.

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

“AFTER the battle of Stillwater, the situation of General Burgoyne became very precarious. His Indian auxiliaries deserted daily; and his army, reduced to little more than five thousand men, was limited to half their usual allowance of provisions. His stock of forage was entirely exhausted, and his horses were perishing in great numbers. The American army had become so augmented, as to render him diffident of making good his retreat. To aggravate his distress, no intelligence had yet been received of the approach of general Clinton, or of any diversion in his favour from New-York.

“In this exigency, general Burgoyne resolved to examine the possibility of dislodging the Americans from their posts on the left, by which means he would be enabled to retreat through

the lakes. For this purpose he drew out fifteen hundred men, which he headed himself, attended by generals Phillips, Reidesel, and Frazer. This detachment had scarcely formed, within less than half a mile of the American intrenchments, when a furious attack was made on its left; but major Ackland, at the head of the British grenadiers, sustained it with great firmness. The Americans soon extended their attack along the whole front of the German troops, which were posted on the right of the grenadiers; and marched a body around their flank, to prevent their retreat. On this movement, the British light infantry, with a part of the twenty-fourth regiment, instantly formed, to cover the retreat of the troops into the camp. Their left wing, in the mean time, overpowered with numbers, was obliged to retreat, and would inevitably have been cut to pieces, but for the intervention of the same troops which had just been covering the retreat on the right.

“ The whole detachment was now under the necessity of retiring; but scarcely had the British troops entered the lines, when the Americans,

cans, led by general Arnold, pressed forward; and, under a tremendous fire of grape-shot and musketry, assaulted the works throughout their whole extent from right to left. Toward the close of the day, a part of the left of the Americans forced the intrenchments, and Arnold, with a few men, actually entered the works; but his horse being killed, and he himself badly wounded in the leg, they were forced out of them; and it being now nearly dark, they desisted from the attack. On the left of Arnold's detachment, Jackson's regiment of Massachusetts, then led by lieutenant-colonel Brooks, was still more successful. It turned the right of the encampment, and carried by storm the works, occupied by the German reserve. Lieutenant-colonel Breyman was killed; and Brooks maintained the ground he had gained. Darkness put an end to the action: the advantage of the Americans was decisive. They killed a great number of the enemy; made upward of two hundred prisoners, among whom were several officers of distinction, took nine pieces of brass artillery, and the encampment of a German brigade, with all their equipage. Among the slain of the enemy was general Frazer, an officer

cer of distinguished merit, whose loss was particularly regretted. The loss of the Americans was inconsiderable.

“ Gates posted fourteen hundred men on the heights opposite the ford of Saratoga, two thousand in the rear, to prevent a retreat to Fort Edward, and fifteen hundred at a ford higher up. Burgoyne, apprehensive of being hemmed in, retired immediately to Saratoga.

“ An attempt was now made to retreat to Fort George. Artificers were accordingly dispatched, under a strong escort, to repair the bridges, and open the road to Fort Edward; but they were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. The situation of general Burgoyne becoming every hour more hazardous, he resolved to attempt a retreat by night to Fort Edward; but even this retrograde movement was rendered impracticable. While the army was preparing to march, intelligence was received that the Americans had already possessed themselves of Fort Edward, and that they were well provided with artillery.

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“ No avenue to escape now appeared. Incessant toil had worn down the whole British army, which did not now contain more than three thousand five hundred fighting men. Provisions were almost exhausted, and there were no possible means of procuring a supply. The American army, which was daily increasing, was already much greater than the British in point of numbers, and almost encircled them. In this extremity, the British general called a council of war; and it was unanimously resolved to enter into a convention with general Gates; preliminaries were soon settled, and the royal army surrendered prisoners of war.

“ The capture of an entire army was justly viewed as an event that must essentially affect the contest between Great Britain and America; and while it excited the highest joy among the people, it could not but have a most auspicious influence in the cabinet and in the field. The thanks of Congress were voted to general Gates and his army; and a medal of gold, in commemoration of this splendid achievement, was ordered to be struck, to be presented to him by

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by the president, in the name of the United States."

Holmes' American Annals.

No.

No. XV.

BRANDYWINE AND GERMANTOWN.

“ GENERAL Washington having ascertained that it was the great object of sir William Howe to possess himself of the city of Philadelphia, put in requisition every effort in his power to counteract his measures for this purpose. His force during the whole campaign was considerably inferior to that of the enemy. Battles and skirmishing, of more or less importance, were frequent, but not decisive, though attended by no inconsiderable loss of human lives.

“ On the 11th of September, the two armies approached each other in the order of battle, and a general action took place at Brandywine, in which the officers and soldiers of both armies displayed a spirit of intrepidity and heroism, scarcely ever exceeded. The British claim the victory, but it was only a partial one; and besides

des a prodigious sacrifice of lives, they fail in their main object, that of forcing their to Philadelphia. It is stated that, from icular circumstances, little more than one- of general Washington's force was opposed nearly the whole strength of the enemy. loss is mentioned in round numbers at one isand. The marquis de la Fayette and general Woodford were slightly wounded. The of the royalists, according to accounts lished, greatly exceeds that of the Ameri-
i."

Thacher's Journal.

No.

No. XVI.

BURNING OF DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

“ ON the 26th of April 1777, the notorious Tryon, at the head of two thousand tories and refugees, marched to Danbury, in the state of Connecticut, where they burnt eighteen houses, with their contents, and a very valuable quantity of stores, provisions, and one thousand seven hundred and ninety tents.

“ This wanton devastation alarmed the country, and the militia collected under major-general Wooster, assisted by Arnold and Silliman. A smart action soon ensued, and continued about one hour, in which our militia and a small number of continentals conducted with distinguished bravery ; but being overpowered by a superior force, they were obliged to retreat.

“ The amount of stores destroyed by the enemy

enemy was very considerable, but the loss of valuable officers and men is infinitely more important. General Wooster was mortally wounded, and died soon after. Lieutenant-colonel Gould, and four or five other officers, were killed, and about sixty men were killed or wounded. Among the slain is doctor Atwater, a respectable character, whose death is greatly lamented. General Arnold had his horse shot under him, when within ten yards of the enemy, and a soldier was advancing with fixed bayonet towards him, when, with great presence of mind, he drew his pistol from his holsters, and instantly shot him through the body. On the side of the royalists, the loss, as stated by general Howe, is one hundred and seventy-two, in killed, wounded, and missing, but by other accounts it is much more considerable. Among their wounded is brigadier-general Agnew, and two other field officers."

Thacher's Journal.

No. XVII.

FORTS MONTGOMERY AND CLINTON.

“ON the 6th October 1777, the British, under sir Henry Clinton and general Vaughan, succeeded in an assault on forts Montgomery and Clinton, on the western bank of the Hudson, few miles below West Point. These fortresses were defended by governor George Clinton and his brother, general James Clinton, of New York, having about six hundred militiamen, force greatly inadequate to the defence of the works.

“The enemy came up the river, landed, and appeared unexpectedly, and demanded a surrender of the forts; which being resolutely refused, were taken by assault, though not without a firm and brave resistance. General James Clinton received a bayonet wound in his thigh but he and the governor, with a part of the garrison

rison, made their escape, leaving about two hundred and fifty men killed, wounded and prisoners. The enemy suffered a severe loss of three field officers killed, and their dead and wounded is estimated at about three hundred.

General Putnam, who commanded at Peekskill, in the vicinity, having a small force only to guard the deposit of stores, was obliged to retire, and the barracks, stores, and provisions, to a very considerable amount, fell into the hands of the enemy, and were destroyed. With wanton cruelty they set fire to the houses and buildings of every description, and spread ruin and devastation to the extent of their power. To consummate their destructive scheme, general Vaughan destroyed by conflagration the beautiful town of Esopus, with the church, and every other building it contained. Thus we experience the horrid effects of malice and revenge; where they cannot conquer, they wantonly exterminate and destroy.

They are well apprised of the disastrous and desperate situation of their boastful general Burgoyne, and if they dare not march to his relief,

relief, they can cowardly retaliate by conflagration with impunity. It is the prevalent opinion here, that by taking advantage of wind and tide, it is in the power of sir Henry Clinton to convey his forces to this city within the space of five or six hours ; and having arrived here, a march of about twenty miles will carry him, without opposition, to Stillwater, which must involve general Gates in inexpressible embarrassment and difficulty, by placing him between two armies, and thereby extricating Burgoyne from his perilous situation. We have been tremblingly alive to this menacing prospect, but our fears are in a measure allayed by the following singular incident. After the capture of Fort Montgomery, sir Henry Clinton despatched a messenger by the name of Daniel Taylor, to Burgoyne with the intelligence ; fortunately he was taken on his way as a spy, and finding himself in danger, he was seen to turn aside, and take something from his pocket and swallow it. General George Clinton, into whose hands he had fallen, ordered a severe dose of emetic tartar to be administered ; this produced the happiest effect as respects the prescriber ; but it proved fatal to the patient. He discharged a small

small silver bullet, which being unscrewed, was found to enclose a letter from sir Henry Clinton to Burgoyne—"Out of thine own mouth thou shalt be condemned." The spy was tried, convicted, and executed. The following is an exact copy of the letter enclosed:

Fort Montgomery, October 8, 1777.

Nous voici—and nothing between us but Gates. I sincerely hope this *little* success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the twenty-eighth of September, by C. C., I shall only say, I cannot presume to order, ~~or~~ even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.

Faithfully yours,

H. CLINTON.

To General Burgoyne — [Snacher's Journal.]

No. XVIII.

CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

THE treason of Arnold, and the consequent capture and execution of major André, are events that have been widely circulated in all parts of the world; but the following extracts from the "Life and Correspondence of general Greene," contain several additional facts, which cannot fail of being read with interest.

" It was when Washington was on his march to Kingsbridge, with a view to the attempt on New-York, and when he had mustered every man who could carry a musket, that he placed Arnold in command of a corps of invalids at West Point. The commander-in-chief had offered him a command suitable to his rank and reputation in the army; but he made the unhealed state of his wounds, and some other causes, the pretext for declining it; for his negotiations

gociations for the surrender of West Point had already commenced, or been consummated, and he made interest to obtain that appointment.

Greene was in command of the American army, at the time Arnold's treachery was detected. Soon after the relinquishment of the enterprise against New-York, a meeting was concerted to take place between the American commander-in-chief, and the French military and naval commanders. Hartford, on the Connecticut river, was the place assigned for their meeting, and its object was to consult on their future joint operations.

Upon the departure of Washington, Greene was placed in command of the main army. This was on the seventeenth of September. On the eighteenth, admiral Rodney arrived, with such an overwhelming reinforcement to the British navy, as must have set the consultations at Hartford all at nought. From that time, Greene's communications to the president of congress are full of the hurried preparations going on at New-York for some important en-

terprise. Little did he or any other suspect to what point that enterprise was directed. It appears that he had established a regular communication for obtaining intelligence from the city, by spies; and his correspondents in that place were at a loss whether the expedition was intended against Rhode Island or Virginia. To one or the other of those places the enemy had been careful to throw out hints, or exhibit appearances that the expedition was directed; yet Greene was not deceived; for in a letter of the twenty-first, to general Washington, he writes—

“ Colonel ——— communicated the last intelligence we have from New-York; since that I have not been able to obtain the least information of what is going on there, though we have people in from three different quarters. None of them returning, makes me suspect some secret expedition is in contemplation, the success of which depends altogether on its being kept a secret.”

This letter is dated at Tappan; for to that place he had been directed by general Washington, on his departure for Hartford, to remove a division of the army.

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On the 23d, the whole mystery was developed by the capture of major André. He had ascended the river in the Vulture sloop-of-war, to hold a personal conference with general Arnold. The British commander had become sensible that no time was to be lost; as most probably, on the return of Washington from Hartford, he would assume the command in person, at West Point, or confide it to Greene. The present, therefore, was the most favourable time that would ever present itself; the recent movement of the army nearer that place, excited to despatch; and the arrival of Rodney gave the enemy the command of such abundant means of water transportation, without exposing the city to a *coup de main* from the French and American forces, that the British commander would have been culpably negligent not to have embraced it. André was accordingly despatched to make the final arrangements for consummating the treachery of Arnold.

The well-known object of Arnold's negotiation was to put Clinton in possession of the post at West Point. This is a beautiful little plain, lying on the west bank of the Hudson, a

little below where it breaks through the chain of mountains called the Highlands. Its form is nearly circular; in one half of its circumference, defended by a precipice of great height, rising abruptly from the river; and on the other, by a chain of rugged impassable mountains. It is accessible by one pass only from the river, and that is narrow, and easily defended; while, on the land side, it can be approached only at two points, by roads that wind through the mountains, and enter it at the river bank, on the north and south.

Great importance had always been attached to this post by the Americans, and great labour and expence bestowed upon fortifying it; whether judiciously or to good effect, has never been tested. But the place is naturally scarcely assailable, very healthy, and commands the river, throughout a long circuit that it stretches round the point, and where it is deep and very narrow.

The North River had long been the great vein that supplied life to the American army; and had the enemy obtained possession of this post,

post, besides the actual loss in men and stores, the American army would have been cut off from their principal resources in the ensuing winter, or been obliged to fall back above the Highlands, and leave all the country below open to conquest; while the communication between the eastern and western states would have been seriously interrupted, if not wholly excluded.

Arnold well knew the bearing of this post upon all the operations of the American army, and afterwards avowed his confident expectation, that had the enemy got possession of it, the contest must have ceased, and America been subdued. Clinton, it appears, also well understood the value of this place: and it is probable, that the purchase of it had been arranged with Arnold some months prior to the detection of the plot.

It was well remembered afterwards, that he had intrigued for some time to get appointed to the command, not only in person, but through the agency of his friends in congress and the army; and the activity which he displayed in making

his escape, and afterwards, as a commander under Clinton, support the belief that the ~~pain~~ and weakness from his wounded legs, on which he founded his claims to a command suited to an invalid, were in a great degree affected. Indeed, in one of ~~his~~ publications, he acknowledges, that he had long retained his commission only to find some opportunity to inflict such a blow.

The developement of Arnold's plot was communicated to Greene, by a letter from colonel Hamilton, dated Verplank's Point. It was received the evening of the twenty-fifth. The object of the preparations in New-York immediately became palpable; and, without delay, he made every disposition for marching to the defence of West Point: so that when general Washington's order reached him, at a quarter past three, on the morning of the twenty-sixth, the whole army had already been put under marching orders. The first Pennsylvania brigade, under Wayne, had been first put in motion; so that it actually fell to the lot of André to find the 'warrior-drover Wayne' in command, when he was delivered a prisoner at the village

village of Tappan. But Wayne did not sit in the board of officers who tried him ; perhaps from considerations of delicacy ; there may have remained something of personal irritation ; the wounds of the pen last longer than those of the sword.

It is very well known that major André was taken near a place called Tarry Town, on the east side of the Hudson, where it forms Haverstraw Bay. Ten years afterwards, the large sycamore near which he was taken, was shown to the traveller ; and the incidents at his capture were familiarly known to, and related by every inhabitant in the village. Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, who captured him, were poor, but reputable men, and exhibited a striking instance of disinterestedness and fidelity. André offered them large bribes, but they were not to be corrupted, and conducted him a prisoner to colonel Jameson, who commanded a scouting party on that side of ~~the~~ river.

The circumstances attending the capture of André are differently related by the different authors who have written on the American war.

They are all correct as far as they go; but being deficient in a few particulars, excited surprise at the supposed want of self-possession in so brave a man as André.

The British army in New-York was, at that time, supplied with beef, principally through the aid of a class of men, who obtained the appellation of Cowboys. They were a species of sattlers, or dealers in live stock, who, being well acquainted with the roads and passes, penetrated into the country, and either stole or purchased cattle, which they secretly drove into the enemy's lines. Besides watching the movements of the enemy, one principal object for detaching Jameson to that quarter was, to check the prosecution of this trade or practice. For this purpose, small scouting parties were occasionally pushed beyond the American posts, to reconnoitre the interjacent country between their posts and those of the enemy: and as the cattle taken from the Cowboys, unless stolen, were held to be prize of war—and it was an object with the well-affected to suppress a practice which exposed their stock to depredations—small volunteer parties occasionally way-laid

laid the roads for that purpose. Of this description were the captors of André, who, after the fatigues of prosecuting their enterprise, had seated themselves under this tree, in a situation retired from the view of travellers approaching along the road. It is said that they were engaged in a game at cards, when the tread of André's horse attracted their notice.

The station they had taken was in view of a point where several roads unite near the village, and André, who was visible to the party before they were visible to him, was engaged in examining a sketch of the route, no doubt to determine which of the roads in his view he ought to follow.

At the first rustling of the leaves made by the motion of the party in ambush, he precipitately thrust the paper he was examining into his boot, on the opposite side of his horse from that on which the party appeared. This was noticed by one of the party, and led to the examination which produced the detection. On being stopped, he resumed his composure, and exhibited the pass from Arnold, on which he

had thus far succeeded in clearing the American posts and patrols ; and the party had already released his bridle, when one of them inquired what he had done with the paper he was reading ?

An indistinct view of the dangerous dilemmas in which the question involved him, produced in André a momentary hesitation ; his embarrassment was noticed by the party, and made them resolve again to detain him. Knowing that the pass from Arnold would not avail him, after the discovery of the contents of his boot, André then desired them to tell him truly, whether they were "from above or below?" and on their answering "the latter," which was consistent with the truth in fact, though not in the sense he meant it, which was, whether they were whigs or tories, he acknowledged himself to be a British officer, on urgent business, and begged them not to detain him.

On their persisting to detain him, the whole extent of his danger burst upon him, and he liberally tried the persuasive voice of gold. But though he had just witnessed, that one in a much

much more elevated rank had lent a propitious ear to similar arguments, he found these honest yeomen were not to be corrupted. Until then, he had learned, that it is at last in the integrity of the well-informed yeomanry of a country, that the strength and security of every free government is to be found. Wo to that government which ever suffers this class of men to remain in ignorance, or be exposed to corruption !

Upon searching the boot into which the paper had been thrust, a plan of West Point, the strength and disposition of the garrison, and other suspicious papers, were discovered ; and André was immediately conveyed to the headquarters of colonel Jameson.

By this time, it appears, that André had completely recovered his self-possession, if, indeed, he had ever lost it ; and he had the ingenuity to play off on Jameson a *ruse de guerre*, to which the partiality of his friends, and the feelings of his admirers, have managed to give a character which it by no means merits.

- He prevailed on Jameson to despatch a note to Arnold, informing him that John Anderson (this was André's assumed name) was taken. This has been construed into a magnanimous effort to save Arnold ; whereas it was obviously an ingenious artifice to save himself. And it must have succeeded, had not the former, instead of taking the hint as it was intended, verified by his conduct the trite adage, "there is no faith among the dishonest," by immediately transferring all his attention to his own escape. *

Arnold could easily have despatched an order to Jameson to release André, or have adopted some fiction or plan for getting him into his own hands, for the purpose of giving him his liberty, and thus have escaped with him. Jameson obviously entertained no suspicion of Arnold, by sending him this message : and by the time that elapsed before he forwarded to general Washington the papers found upon André, it is clear that he waited for some communication from Arnold, with regard to the future fate of John Anderson.

It is curious to contemplate the good fortune of this interesting young man, in the favourable views which writers of both nations, indeed all who have ever noticed him, have taken of his conduct; but such is the effect of excited feeling upon the judgment of mankind, or perhaps, such the proclivity of man to follow a popular leader, and to avoid the perplexity of reflection. The breathing pen of colonel Hamilton was generously employed in describing the magnanimity with which André met death; the direction once given to public opinion has been followed, "nothing loth," and every subsequent writer has vied with his predecessor in representing André's conduct in the most favourable colours. The stern moralist, who, knowing that first to pity, then to palliate, then to imitate, is too often the course through which vice and error steal on society, presumes, in such a case as this, to exclaim— "Pause and reflect," will be more apt to incur the frowns than the plaudits of his contemporaries. But there is a time of life when a writer may no longer feel the undue influence of popular applause.

• André

André has also been greatly extolled for his magnanimity, in communicating to general Washington his real name and character, by the express which conveyed to the commander-in-chief the papers found upon him. But what else remained for him to do? His life was clearly forfeited; and in the character of John Anderson, he must have suffered, "unpitied and unwept," the summary and ignominious death of a spy, or been detected as major André, with a falsehood on his lips. His ~~only~~ chance of escape was to declare his real character, and place himself under the protection of the circumstances under which he alleges that he came within the American posts; or perhaps, to interest the feelings or the fears of the American commander in his behalf. His letter contains one passage which serves as a plain development of his motives in writing it—*It was to save his own life, by exciting fear for that of others.* The passage alluded to is the following—"I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentlemen at Charleston, who, being either on parole, or under protection, *were engaged in a conspiracy against us:* though their situation is not similar, they are objects

objects who may be sent in exchange for me, or persons whom the treatment I receive might affect."

It is truly astonishing, that the ungenerous character of this paragraph has never been properly animadverted upon. Who these "gentlemen at Charleston" were, is afterwards more explicitly declared, in Arnold's letter to general Washington, of the 1st October:—"I have farther to observe, that forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina have justly forfeited their lives, which have hitherto been spared by the clemency of his excellency sir Henry Clinton, who cannot in justice extend his mercy to them any longer, if major André suffers, which, in all probability, will open a scene of blood, at which humanity will revolt."

Thus it appears that André's hint was greedily caught at by Arnold; and sir Henry Clinton himself, in his communications, very plainly hints at the same thing.

Yet nothing could have been more base and dishonorable

dishonourable than the attempt to save his forfeited life, by drawing down ruin upon a number of innocent men, who, after bravely resisting the enemy, had surrendered on terms that had been most dishonourably evaded. The assertion also contained in André's letter, that the prisoners alluded to had engaged in a conspiracy, was absolutely destitute of truth; as it was well known, that every individual of those prisoners had, from the first, courted and defied investigation; and there existed no cause for their confinement at St. Augustine, to which place they had been removed, but the prevalence of an opinion that their influence kept others from accepting of the king's protection, the illiberal suggestions of some of the loyalists, who could not bear the reproachful looks of those whom they had deserted, and, above all, the convenience of retaining such respectable hostages, to cover such men as Arnold and André.

The introductory paragraph also, to André's letter, cannot be dismissed without a remark. It is in these words :—

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"What I have as yet said concerning myself, was in the justifiable attempt to be extricated. I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded." [That is to say, I have hitherto been doing what no man who sufficiently values the obligation of truth would do, or at least expose himself to the danger of being obliged to do, even for "the justifiable attempt to be extricated]. "I have hitherto dealt out nothing but falsehoods; but, for want of practice, my firmness fails me."

In the first place, this paragraph is uncandid; for if his disguise could any longer have availed him, he would have retained it; in the next place, there is no small cause to believe that this was not the first time in which major André had played off the practical falsehood of assuming a disguise, and acting the spy.

It is believed by many, that in the character of a spy, he had been greatly instrumental, in involving in captivity the very men whom he now wished to involve in the horrors of retaliation.

Let

Let political expediency disguise it as it may, still the character of a soldier cannot be blended with that of a spy, without soiling the pure ermine of the former. And however his sovereign may applaud and reward the officer who tempts his enemy to treachery, there is something so foul in the constitution of the crime, that we cannot look upon him who seduces another to the commission of it, but as the instigator or propagator of crime. The breath of treachery gives a taint to the reputation of the man who but holds converse with it.

Indeed, there appears to have been a combined attack upon morals made by all the *particeps criminis* in this black transaction. One can hardly read with patience the letters of Clinton, Robertson, and Arnold, boldly insisting that André was not punishable as a spy, because he came within the garrison under the sanction of a flag, or under the protection of the commander, although, in fact, with that commander he was concerting measures to get possession of the post where that officer commanded; that he was himself innocent, because he had prostituted the usual protection of innocent and

and honourable purposes to the perpetration of the basest treachery. And to complete the ridicule of the scene, the chief justice of the state is brought upon the carpet to support this holy doctrine.

This was at a conference which was held by appointment at King's Ferry, between general Robertson and general Greene, on the subject of André's treatment. Robertson brought with him from New-York, chief-justice Smith and the lieutenant-governor, to support him in the argument; but whether it was that the man of the sword was afraid to encounter the man of the gown in argument, Greene would not suffer Smith to land; and the conference resulted in nothing but mutual confirmation in pre-existing opinions. On the second of October André was executed as a spy on a gibbet, at the village of Tappan, where the principal part of the army was then encamped.

As his case was one of many novel features, and threats of retaliation had loudly resounded, general Washington did not order his execution summarily, as by the laws of war he would have

have been justified to do, but commanded a board of general officers to be convened, and submitted the case to their consideration.

Greene was appointed to preside, and Colonel John Laurens was present in the capacity of judge-advocate-general, which station he held in the army: La Fayette and Steuben were members of the court; and if dignity, worth, and service, can give weight to the decision of a court, never was one constituted more worthy to be respected. There were in it six major-generals and eight brigadiers. They were unanimously of opinion, that André must suffer as a spy."

THE END.

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